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NOVEMBER 1983, \$1.95

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# Atlantic Insight

NOVEMBER 1983 Vol. 5 No. 11

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Atlantic Insight is published by Northeast Publishing Limited. **President:** Marilyn MacDonald. **Secretary-Treasurer:** J.L.S. Jenkin. **Controller:** Patrick J. Hamilton. Address: 1656 Barrington St., Halifax, N.S. B3J 2A2. Second Class Postal Permit No. 4683, ISSN 0708-5400. Indexed in Canadian Periodical Index. SUBSCRIPTION PRICES: Canada, 1 year, \$25, 2 years, \$47; U.S.A., Territories and Possessions, 1 year, \$35; Overseas, 1 year, \$45. Contents copyright ©1983 by Northeast Publishing Limited may not be reprinted without permission. PRINTED IN CANADA. Northeast Publishing Limited assumes no responsibility for unsolicited manuscripts and other materials and will not return these unless accompanied by stamped, self-addressed envelopes.



## COVER STORY

It's the last frontier of rugged individualism — the undersea oil fields off Canada's Atlantic coast. The men (and a very few women) who work it face daily danger, crushing isolation, separation from families and friends for long periods of time and no job security. But, while the job lasts, it can bring them big bucks. Chris Wood explores the world of the new breed of offshore cowboys who follow wherever the oil industry leads

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COVER PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVID NICHOLS



## TRAVEL

Most travellers think of the Middle East as Egypt, Israel or, until lately, Lebanon. The tiny country of Jordan is often ignored — sadly, since this thirsty, dusty land offers the traveller a treasure chest of historical, scenic and artistic wonders well worth seeking out.

By Alison Griffiths

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## SMALL TOWNS

"Welcome to a Magic Place," trumpets one pamphlet produced by the small town of Sackville, N.B. Actually, as more than one writer has discovered, there is a bit of magic about the town, making the long-standing habit of boasting about it (a tradition with residents) understandable. Harry Bruce describes the town and gown world of what its present-day boosters now call the "Happy Heart of the Maritimes"

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## ART

Dark-hued, full of emaciated figures and barren landscapes, the paintings of Newfoundland artist Gerald Squires don't offer the easily assimilated, sometimes barely noticeable art that many people like to see on their walls. Squires knows his work often makes people uncomfortable. But, he says, reporting the images of his subconscious is his duty as an artist.

By Bonnie Woodworth

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## DEPARTMENTS

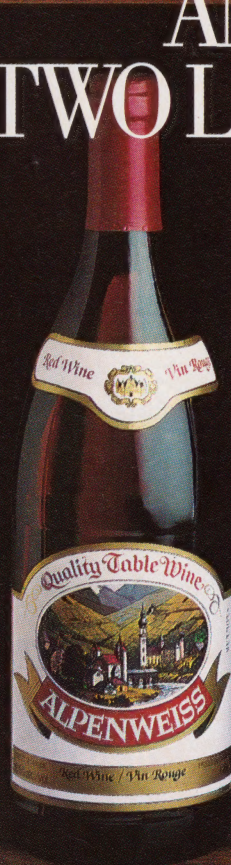
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## Editor's Letter

# Understanding the world of the offshore cowboys

**C**hris Wood's cover story (page 16) on offshore cowboys brings into sharp human focus a story which, until now, has been expressed mostly in terms of technical jargon, political jockeying for position, jurisdictional disputes and, occasionally, tragedy.

The Ocean Ranger disaster of February, 1982, brought home for the first time, perhaps, to Atlantic Canadians, the knowledge that the exploration for offshore oil involves more than drillpipe and winches. The loss of life in the icy waters off Newfoundland was appalling. Yet like other breeds of Atlantic "cowboys" before them, the offshore workers continue to follow the call of big money, made in a short time, in spite of what most of us would consider unacceptable living conditions and intolerable daily danger.

Atlantic cowboys haven't ridden the range but they've mined the coal, harvested the trees and manned the fishing vessels in fair and foul weather for decade after decade. The offshore cowboys represent a continuation of a tradition which stretches back through the years.

"Every week," writes Wood, "Atlantic Canadians by the hundreds knock on personnel office doors in Halifax and St. John's looking for the big money and taste of adventure a job on the offshore seems to promise. The money and adventure are there for the taking, but only for those ready to play by the imperative of profit."

The oil patch, as Wood points out, is also "no place for the weak of sinew or the faint of heart." True, in the words of one derrickman Wood quotes, rig workers aren't all "six feet tall, with one eye and steel teeth" who "shave their back every morning." But their work is hard and dangerous. One worker sums it up succinctly: "It's like being in prison, except in prison you can't drown."

The offshore cowboys share other facts of life in common with other workers who have toiled at length in the region's primary resource industries. They have little job security and they're frequently at the mercy of manipulation by the industry giants, whose attitude to-



ward them can hardly be called enlightened.

One rig worker Wood talked to finally left his job because, he says, "I was getting that feeling of being a second-class citizen with no charter of rights to protect you... It's take it or leave it. This is the way it is, if you don't like it, pack your bags. I've heard the phrase 'Just open another can of roughnecks and we'll have a new crew.'"

Other workers, too, told Wood of the insensitivity and offensive behavior of many rig supervisors. "They thought you were ignorant," one Newfoundlander says. "They didn't treat you like a man. They'd treat you like a youngster, as if you didn't know anything."

Some blame the conditions on the fact that oil rig workers remain largely unprotected by trade unionism with collective bargaining virtually an unknown in the industry. But blind faith in the power of organized labor to right all wrongs is no answer either. Anyone who doubts it should read, as a companion piece to Wood's article, Ralph Surette's column on page 22, with its telling analysis of the history of coal mine unionism in the province of Nova Scotia.

Tough and demanding as is the world he describes, Wood also makes it possible for us to understand its attraction, especially in these days of social service "envelopes" and multiplying special interest groups.

"The wide-open, buccaneering free enterprise spirit of the oil patch... is unlikely to disappear," he writes. "It is not only that the vast petroleum multinationals... practise it with awesome effectiveness and power on a global scale... Ambition and hard work will continue to submerge less hardy virtues for one very good reason: Money."

As long as that's true, the offshore cowboys, like their predecessors in other industries, will continue to follow their fortunes, wherever in the world fate seems to beckon.

*Marilyn MacDonald*

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## FEEDBACK

### Chance for enhancement missed

As a reader, I have greatly appreciated the content and quality of *Atlantic Insight*. As a craftsperson, I also delighted in the "soft-sell" for crafts that was accomplished through the food section of the August issue (*Potluck Picnic*). The rituals and celebration of eating have always been a major concern of craftspeople. It is, however, a pity that such considerations were not extended to the settings chosen for the accompanying photograph. The article, the craftspeople and food deserved more than just good photography. There are many fine weavers, potters and woodworkers in Nova Scotia, some of whom have work on display within a stone's throw of your office. Surely the occasion and the food deserved the enhancement of being displayed in or on the work of some of the people involved?

Peter R. Thomas,  
Provincial Director, N.B. Crafts  
Council  
Fredericton, N.B.

### Refreshing but flawed

Thank you for a very fine story on the current black Nova Scotian cultural renaissance (*Black Renaissance in the Arts*, Minorities, July). It was refreshing to see the major Maritime magazine pay some attention to a visible minority group. However, there were three flaws in the otherwise excellent article. First, the word that denotes people of African descent, namely, "Black," was written with a small *b*. This usage is improper. When the word black is used to denote an ethnic group, it ceases to be an adjective and becomes a proper noun, and, as such, must be capitalized. The point may seem picky, but as people have become aware of the sexist properties in language, so should they become aware of its racist elements. Second, I feel that the article should have been included in the Art section rather than having been segregated to the Minorities section of your magazine. This placement of the article seemed patronizing. Finally, the representativeness of the article would have been greatly enhanced had there been some discussion of Sylvia Hamilton's role as catalyst in the "Africville Renaissance."

George Elliott Clarke  
Cherry Brook, N.S.

### Honesty's a popular policy

As I write this letter I am sitting in a tent on the edge of the Libyan Desert, one of the largest sand seas in the world. I have just read your August issue and



**DON'T JUST  
THINK ABOUT IT  
-DO IT!**



the article about Harry How (*Good Ol' Harry's a Populist Pied Piper*, Nova Scotia). I think the major point that is brought out is that the general public admires honesty in a politician. If you take away the people who are committed to a political party, those that are left would much rather know that a politician is being honest with them, even if it does not fit with their opinions, than to feel that they are being put off by indifferent comments designed to pacify the multitudes.

James P. Gillis  
Jalu, Libya

#### Motives questioned

Dr. C.B. MacLean's response (Feedback, August) to William Zimmerman's letter (Feedback, May) was most curious. In his letter, Zimmerman was only talking about phenoxy herbicides 2, 4-D and 2, 4, 5-T, the chemicals being used in the Nova Scotia spray programs. And clearly the Swedish legislation reflects not only grave concerns about these particular chemicals but a national effort to eventually eliminate their use in forestry. MacLean's inaccurate restatement and twisted interpretation of Zimmerman's letter, coupled with his attempts to change the field of discussion away from the use of phenoxy herbicides in forestry and the value of hardwoods in our forest ecology to a seemingly personal attack on Zimmerman, leads me to question his motives.

S.J. Hower  
Great Island, N.S.

#### Plus ça change

One of the means through which I manage to keep in touch with my home province of New Brunswick is by reading *Atlantic Insight*, but I was appalled by a very biased and slanted article by Chris Wood, *The Anglo Backlash* (New Brunswick, July). I can remember not being able to pursue my high school education in French in a community that was shared by roughly an equal number of anglo and franco Canadians, but things change. Campbellton now has two well-equipped high schools to serve both populations. The struggle still goes on, however. Many people find they can't get jobs because they speak only one language. For instance, a friend of mine was recently passed up for a job with Theatre New Brunswick because he spoke only English. Would it not be better to hire two people, one who speaks English and one who speaks French, rather than look for a package deal in a bilingual person? If we are put into positions where we can work side by side, I am certain we can come to learn more from each other than if we are set against each other by government policies or slanted magazine articles.

Charles J. Durette  
Toronto, Ont.

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# Spray opponents lick their wounds and get ready for another fight

*This time, it's a struggle for financial survival. "We have to raise more money than any of us can comprehend," says one*

In retrospect, the 15 plaintiffs who fought the landmark herbicide spray case in Nova Scotia didn't have a wisp of hope of winning. The provincial government knew that; the defendant, Nova Scotia Forest Industries Ltd., knew that, even the plaintiffs knew that. The cost of this apparently inevitable legal poundage: \$190,000 and counting.

It was so inevitable that the provincial Environment Department continued all summer to routinely approve spray permits allowing the use of 2,4-D and 2,4,5-T for forestry, and the Power Corp. was allowed — through government error — to spray a herbicide mixture containing 2,4-D at Beech Hill, Antigonish County, one of the sites named in the Supreme Court trial. When the decision was handed down in mid-September, the plaintiffs were prepared for the worst, and that's what they got.

Mr. Justice Merlin Nunn denied the requested permanent injunction, and ruled that the evidence did not support any "probability of serious risk" to human health from herbicide spraying. He also ordered the plaintiffs to pay costs, and to return to court later to settle damage claims.

Unquestionably, the plaintiffs — brought together only by their opposition to the spray — were the underdogs. Among them are farmers, fishermen, a truck driver, a pulp cutter, a Gaelic scholar, a clergyman, an artist and a craft shop owner. They all live near the proposed spray sites and fear the effects that might come from chemical herbicides.

They faced a provincial government that was unequivocally in favor of herbicide spraying, and a Swedish-owned multinational pulp and paper company that is a major employer and a major contributor to the province's economy. The residents were no match for either.

A showdown in front of a Supreme Court justice was not what many of the residents expected. Victoria Palmer, an artist, farmer and mother of three children, says the province forced them into court. "It's hard to avoid the David and Goliath analogy," she says, "but the government allowed it to go this way. They left us no alternative except to go to court."

Throughout the summer of 1982, environmentalists pressured the government to stop herbicide spraying. When one group resorted to yanking softwood

seedlings out of the ground on a site near Whycocomagh, the province decided to ban aerial spraying. Soon after, it established the Royal Commission on Forestry, whose mandate included a review of herbicide policy. But before its work could begin, ground permits were issued, and residents went to court seeking an injunction.

John Shaw, a Gaelic scholar and father of one child, blames the province for ignoring the concerns of its residents. "But one valuable thing is that the trial brought out information and raised questions before the people of Nova Scotia, which the government and the pulp companies were trying to keep under wraps."

The court decision rankled. Most sensed by the start of the trial in May that their chances were slim. But none was prepared for the tone of the Nunn ruling.

As part of their claim against NSFI, the residents asked for what amounted to a total ban on the use of these herbicides. "What the plaintiffs are seeking here," Nunn wrote, "is a societal matter and therefore a matter for government or regulatory agency."

If he had made that ruling on the key issue before him — on the probability of risk to human health — it would have been a major victory for the residents, and placed the ball back in the political arena, where even NSFI says the issue should have been dealt with. But he didn't.

"... I am satisfied that, on the whole of the evidence, where risk to health is claimed in any study, the circumstance has been one of massive exposure, and ... not of significant probative value in light of the low possible exposure here ... Indeed, most of the more highly publicized studies in these situations are regarded in the wider scientific community as flawed."

He then went on to criticize the scientific witnesses called by the plaintiffs. "While I do not doubt [their] zeal ... or their ability, some seemed at times to be protagonists defending a position, thereby losing some of their objectivity. ... Where the study was by anyone remotely connected with the industry, there was a tendency to leap to the 'fox in the chicken coop' philosophy, thereby ruling out the value of the study as biased ... I had the opposite impression of the

scientific witnesses offered by the defendant."

The judge pointed out that his judgment was based in part on the tiny amounts of dioxin contained in herbicide mixture, and in part on the way it was handled and monitored. But Environment Minister Greg Kerr, and one of the NSFI lawyers, George Cooper, simplified the 182-page ruling, declaring that it meant herbicides are safe, while downplaying the caveat "when used properly."

Nevertheless, as Nunn acknowledged, the ruling will have profound legal and political impact. Clearly, herbicide spraying has received a vote of confidence. From now on, barring a successful appeal, it will be more difficult for anyone to use the courts on this issue. And it could financially cripple many of the 15 plaintiffs, plus the two others who signed financial undertakings.

The two sides have to return to court to settle the question of damages. If the plaintiffs lose that argument, their bill could be huge.

The financial realities of taking on a large company started to hit home early in the legal fight. A six-day injunction hearing last fall was the longest of its kind in Nova Scotia history. Last spring, both sides had to reveal their expert witnesses and the thrust of their evidence in the discovery process. Because witnesses were scattered across North America, or lived as far away as Sweden, the costs were staggering. The trial itself lasted more than a month.

Jane Grose of North River has a craft shop on the line. "We have to raise more money than any of us can comprehend, than any of us would ever earn."

These kinds of personal risks, everyone agrees, will discourage citizens' groups from using the legal process to fight any political issue in the future. Elizabeth May, who was at the forefront of this court fight as an organizer and one of the two non-plaintiffs with financial undertakings, says she would not recommend legal action again.

A change in the legal process that would make class actions easier and less costly would be one solution. A government fund providing legal research for citizens' groups would be another. But Palmer says there still has to be a political decision. And John Shaw adds: "It's a question of responsibility to the people who are alive now and the people who will be born, and the government's going to have to learn that."

—Glen Wannamaker





VanEkris: "We should do something to help"

## Giving far-off neighbors a hand

*In a unique foreign aid project, Islanders are working directly with African farmers to help them grow more and better food*

It might have been just another summer evening social event — barbecued steak, salad and strawberry shortcake on the lush, green lawns of Charlottetown's agricultural research station. But the tablecloths — primitive brown and green designs instead of the usual red and white checks — gave a clue to the occasion's serious side. So did the display board featuring photographs of African farm families, faraway friends of some of the 175 Islanders who spent \$10 each to attend the picnic.

The barbecue was one of a series of fund-raising events that 26 Island farm men and women are holding to help people in rural Kenya and Tanzania grow more and better food. The group, called Farmers Helping Farmers, is unique among Canadian foreign aid programs in that the Islanders know the people they're helping, and work with them on very small projects. It's a program that takes a fine old Island tradition of neighborliness, and extends it to people living on the far side of the global village.

The Island farmers first learned of the overwhelming problems of Third World farmers in 1979, when delegates to an international family farm conference in Charlottetown stayed in P.E.I. farm homes. The Islanders decided to work together to help people like their African guests, and approached the Canadian International Development Agency (CIDA). In 1981, CIDA paid most of the travel expenses for 22

Islanders who visited rural Kenya and Tanzania. Later that year, 22 of the African farmers returned the visit, and Farmers Helping Farmers was on its way.

"If you go to a country like that, and you're right down in the villages, it makes you a different person," says Farmers Helping Farmers president Adrian VanEkris, who, with his wife, Katie, farms in Covehead. "You see what the need is. In a rich country like Canada, I think we should do something to help them."

Both groups of farmers were shocked by the contrast between rural life in P.E.I. and in the East African villages. The Africans produce food on a subsistence level on one- or two-acre plots of land. Women do most of the farm work, because the men go to the cities to try to earn cash.

The women made a deep impression on the Canadians. "They're out doing hoeing and working in the fields with babies on their backs," says Edith Huestis, a Wilmot Valley farm woman. "They have to carry their families' drinking water, about 50 pounds, up steep cliffs. And then the water isn't even clean." The Africans also face the problems of an uncertain climate, a lack of technical expertise and little money to buy equipment, seed, livestock.

Despite the poverty, the Island visitors were impressed by the Africans' energy and self-reliance. They've formed self-help co-operatives across

both countries to raise money to build schools, stores and rural hospitals. "They were really ambitious," Huestis says. "One place we visited had one sewing machine. They were teaching 80 girls to sew on one machine, and instead of material, they were sewing on brown paper."

The Islanders resolved to keep in touch with their new friends and to help in a way only farmers can — by sponsoring and monitoring projects related to food production. Two African farmers' organizations — the Kenya National Farmers' Union and the Union of Co-operative Societies in Tanzania — suggest and implement the projects. CIDA kicks in \$3 for every dollar raised by the Island group.

During their trip, the Island delegation had observed that farm machinery consisted of either large tractors, supplied by government aid programs and expensive to maintain and repair, or small hand hoes, which most of the farmers used. So the Islanders decided to fund projects on a small scale, instead of channelling money through a relief organization. And instead of buying a tractor for an African villager who's never ridden a bicycle, they're helping the Africans to make their first wheel barrows and ox plows and to buy flocks of chickens, tree seedlings, seeds for kitchen gardens.

The biggest project — now awaiting approval by CIDA — is to set up a rural craft workshop in Tanzania where ox plows, wheel barrows and other simple tools can be made and repaired. Although it's a very small step up the technological ladder, it's expected to have a big impact on the Africans' ability to grow food more efficiently.

Project co-ordinator Teresa Mellish of New Perth says the Islanders screen applications carefully before sending money. "The project has to be eventually self-sufficient, and it has to help the lot of women. It has to produce food, and there has to be local support."

So far, the Island farmers have raised close to \$100,000. That's about half the cost of the two exchange visits, but CIDA officials say they're well satisfied with that investment. "In this particular case," says Tony Enns, director of programs for anglophone Africa, "it ignited a certain consciousness that I don't know whether we could have got in any other way."

Three years after their trip to Africa, the Island farmers remain committed to helping the farm families they met. This fall, they offered for sale 100 cords of firewood as a fund-raising scheme.

As Huestis notes, it isn't always easy for farmers to take time off for volunteer work. "It costs us money," she says. "We usually have to hire somebody to take our place. I guess we just really want to do it."

— Susan Mahoney





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## As the revolving door turns

*After six leaders in 13 years, New Brunswick Liberals are still looking for the person who can unseat Richard Hatfield. But first, they have some homework to do*

**B**ehind the plate-glass walls of the Centennial Building, New Brunswick's Conservative government functions with the smooth effi-

ciency of more than a decade's practice.

Across the street, the Liberal opposition is relegated to the considerably less imposing old Education Building, a

survivor from an earlier stone age in architecture. The musty smell of long-disintegrated textbooks still hangs in the air, and the massive staircase leading up to the Liberal offices protests audibly underfoot.

The building is more than just an apt metaphor for the fallen fortunes of the New Brunswick Liberal party. It has also been the scene of many of the party's more humiliating moments in the years since Richard Hatfield forced it into the political shadows in October, 1970. Robert Higgins, the popular Liberal leader of the mid-Seventies who was outmanoeuvred by Hatfield over charges of political interference in criminal investigations, tendered his resignation here. So, later, did Joe Daigle, abandoned by his own caucus.

But there are limits to the image of a party battered into defeatism. Liberals, after all, ruled New Brunswick for nearly half of this century. They've won more elections (by two) than the Conservatives. And the dismay verging on



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**N.B. Liberals have time on their side**

disbelief that gripped the party after last year's Conservative sweep — the most crushing election result since 1912 — has begun to fade. The Liberals may not yet be ready for the war-path, but they are on the come-back trail.

The party has a new interim leader, veteran Moncton East MLA Ray Frenette, who took over the job in August after former chief Doug Young kept a promise (made after last fall's election loss) to resign. One of the new leader's first moves was to shuffle the party's diminished caucus into a new shadow cabinet. The Liberal backroom has also undergone a facelift. The changes represent the first cautious steps in a process of reconstruction.

"In 1978 and 1982, we lost elections; it wasn't the Tories that won," Frenette asserts. The Liberals, he admits, shot themselves in the foot with the messy removal from office of former leader Joe Daigle. The affair, the fourth change at the top in 12 years, reinforced the party's bumbling, uncertain image. "We've got to do something different," the new



Liberal leader says. "Attract new people, new ideas."

The process will begin quietly enough at the grassroots. The 58 Liberal riding associations in New Brunswick have suffered badly from being out of power. Local party executives find it hard to attract the candidates they would like, or muster the small army of workers needed for closely fought election campaigns. Frenette's first priority is to restore a measure of confidence and vigor to the party's foot-soldiers.

The party will single out a dozen or so ridings for particular attention. They are the seats representing largely francophone populations in the counties of Kent, Gloucester, Madawaska and Restigouche. Acadian loyalty to the Liberal party, once unquestioned, slipped badly in the last election, and four crucial "French" ridings went to the Tories.

Frenette has entrusted the Acadian fence-mending job to Clarence LeBreton, a former historian and a staunch Acadian cultural nationalist. He won wide respect among New Brunswick francophones as director of the Village Historique Acadien, transforming the reconstructed Acadian settlement at Caraquet from a mere tourist attraction to a vibrant symbol of Acadian cultural revival.

Whether LeBreton will be able to work the same transformation on Liberal fortunes will depend partly on how far Richard Hatfield is ready to deliver on his much-publicized policy of linguistic equality in New Brunswick. "The Conservatives had a very good marketing program," LeBreton says. "I don't think they beat us on substance." Francophones are still underrepresented in top civil service jobs, a fact LeBreton will play for maximum advantage in his dealings with Acadian ridings.

It is unlikely the Liberals could have picked a better person than Frenette to oversee the rebuilding of the party machine. Despite a failed run at the leadership (against Doug Young in 1982), Frenette is conspicuously free of political handicaps within the party establishment. He has a reputation for hard work and devotion to the party's interests. His Acadian origins will hardly harm his party's reconciliation with French voters.

But Frenette's mandate is only temporary. New Brunswick Liberals are still looking for a leader with the necessary combination of credibility, astuteness and charisma to unseat Richard Hatfield. The party's revolving door at the top (six leaders in 13 years) will have to turn at least once more.

The timing of a convention is vague. "It will depend on what happens on the national scene," Frenette says. Much of 1984 may be consumed by the national search for a successor to Pierre Trudeau, and New Brunswick Liberals have no wish to compete with their party's federal wing for political momentum.

The most likely date is in late 1984, with early 1985 a possibility if a new

federal leader plunges the country into a general election in a year's time. Until then, potential provincial leaders, mindful of the ruinous impression created by Doug Young's too-obvious political ambitions, are keeping their intentions very much to themselves.

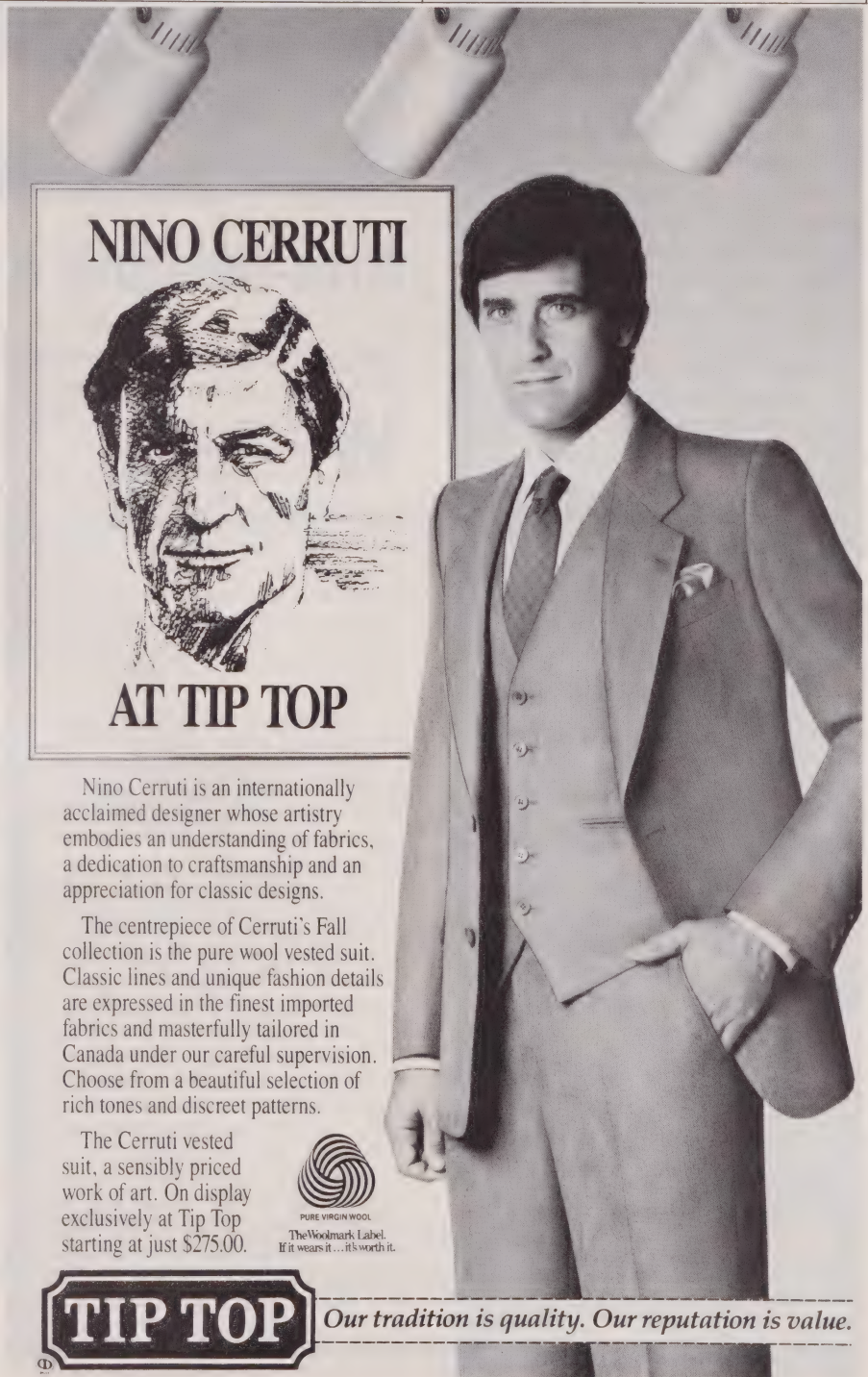
A few names are being circulated unofficially. Among them, MLAs Allan Maher (a Dalhousie funeral director with one unsuccessful leadership run already behind him), Frank McKenna (a Chat-ham lawyer), and Mike McKee (a former priest, now married, with a strong base in Moncton). Another former leadership candidate, Saint John lawyer Joe Day, doesn't rule out a second attempt. And former leader Doug Young may also try

to regain his lost job.

With an election at least three and possibly four years into the future, New Brunswick Liberals have time on their side. They're in no rush to thrust yet another face into the leadership spotlight. Far better strategy to rebuild for the next election.

The process will be carried out as far as possible from the glare of television lights. But activity inside the bleak stone walls of the old Education Building, however low key, will be intense. Without some solid successes in the next 18 months, there'll be little left for Ray Frenette to hand over to the next leader of the Liberals, whoever he is.

— Chris Wood




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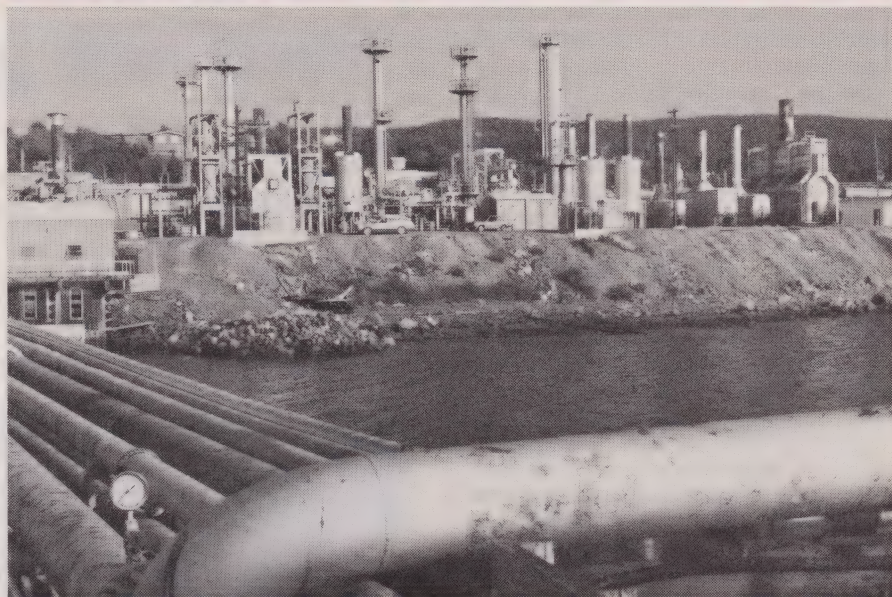


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## NEWFOUNDLAND AND LABRADOR



BUCHHEIT/PHOTON

Holyrood oil refinery: Sale or expropriation?

### Arm-twisting a reluctant seller

*The Newfoundland government is determined to get at least one oil refinery operating — even if it means expropriating it*

**W**hen Alonzo Landry, a self-made millionaire from Moncton, N.B., announced he wants to buy the oil refinery at Holyrood, Nfld., that's been shut down since June, almost everybody applauded — including the refinery's laid-off workers and the Newfoundland government. Landry says he wants to restart the refinery, upgrade it and open 50 new service stations, employing about 500 people, in Newfoundland.

The 58-year-old businessman says he can make it work. The province seems to agree. "If anyone can make Holyrood viable, it's Landry," says a senior government member. "A man that can operate under the nose of K.C. Irving isn't to be frowned at."

But refinery owners Ultramar Canada Inc., which insists that *nobody* can make the 15,000-barrel-a-day operation profitable, said no sale. And that's when the Newfoundland government started talking tough. It is so eager to get a refinery going again in Newfoundland, it's promised to negotiate the sale. If that doesn't work, Development Minister Neil Windsor has warned, the government would consider expropriating the refinery — and then selling it to Landry.

Landry needs a secure source of supplies for his Quebec and Maritime petroleum empire, Metro Fuels, which includes three marine terminals, three oil tankers, five bulk plants, a trucking fleet and 100 service stations. What he doesn't have is an oil refinery, so he has to depend on competitors for fuel supplies.

He's offered Ultramar \$5 million, plus a new storage terminal for its own petroleum supplies.

That sounded reasonable to the government and to the 74 former refinery employees, only three of whom have found new jobs. The 50 unionized workers have agreed to a two-year, 15% pay cut if Landry takes over. They've also agreed to drop their union — Local 820 of the Energy and Chemical Workers' union — and replace it with an association. Local president Walter Quinlan says he can't endorse that concession, but "the men are desperate for work, and they have to make their own decisions now."

The problem is that Ultramar doesn't like the Landry deal. Since it closed down Holyrood, the giant corporation — a subsidiary of Ultramar PLC of London, England — has been obtaining supplies for its Newfoundland outlets from its St. Romauld, Que., refinery, which it has just upgraded to the tune of \$240 million.

Ultramar, which has 176 service stations and 30,000 commercial and domestic customers in Newfoundland, says it wants \$27.2 million for the Holyrood refinery and storage facilities. Under Landry's proposal, which would give Ultramar a storage terminal at Holyrood for its fuel, the two firms would share the Holyrood dock. Ultramar says that would mean shipping delays.

"We want to be masters of our own destiny," says Roy Myers, president of Ultramar's Newfoundland operations.



"We don't want to be at the mercy of anybody else or in bed with a company that doesn't have a chance of succeeding in Holyrood."

The company announced last spring it was closing the refinery in June for economic reasons. Sales of heavy fuel oil, the refinery's main product, had dropped by 60% since 1979, and officials said the refinery was too small for expensive upgrading to produce the more profitable, lighter fuels, such as gasoline and home heating oil.

At the time, the Newfoundland government didn't object to the shutdown. But since then, refinery workers have been putting pressure on the government. And in July, federal Energy Minister Jean Chrétien approved \$1.17 billion worth of petroleum exploration on the Grand Banks and off Labrador.

"It doesn't make sense to lose the only active refinery in the province at a time when Hibernia could be coming on stream," Windsor says. He says he's also concerned about losing the refinery's highly skilled labor force in case Holyrood or Come By Chance, the province's other refinery, starts working again. (Come By Chance, a 100,000-barrel-a-day refinery almost seven times as big as Holyrood, was mothballed in 1976 because of market and construction problems and now is owned by Petro Canada.)

Ultramar's Myers shudders at the very mention of expropriation. "It would be disastrous for us," he says. "In one fell swoop, it would destroy our marketing arm in Newfoundland, which we spent 20 years building."

Newfoundland government officials are not sympathetic. The province expropriated land for Ultramar when it moved into Newfoundland in 1960. And, for 20 years, it guaranteed Ultramar a heavy fuel contract with the provincial power corporation in Holyrood. (Ultramar lost the contract two years ago when it was publicly tendered.)

Norman Doyle, Tory MLA for Harbour Main-Bell Island, says Ultramar's attitude towards Landry is "arrogant." He adds, "The people of Newfoundland should not be allowed to forget that Ultramar got its foot in the doorway of the Newfoundland market through Holyrood and never spent one dollar upgrading the facility during 20 years of taking profits."

Landry is looking for his own incentives from the province, mainly the Holyrood hydro contract, which comes up for renewal in December. If he gets the refinery, he says, he'll install new equipment so it can produce higher-quality fuels.

"The \$5-million offer was a fair one," he says. "We're confident Holyrood can make a small profit if properly managed. When I first went into business, New Brunswick competitors complained, but nobody died. They're still there and so am I."

—Bonnie Woodworth

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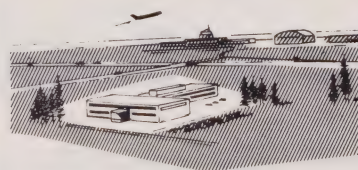
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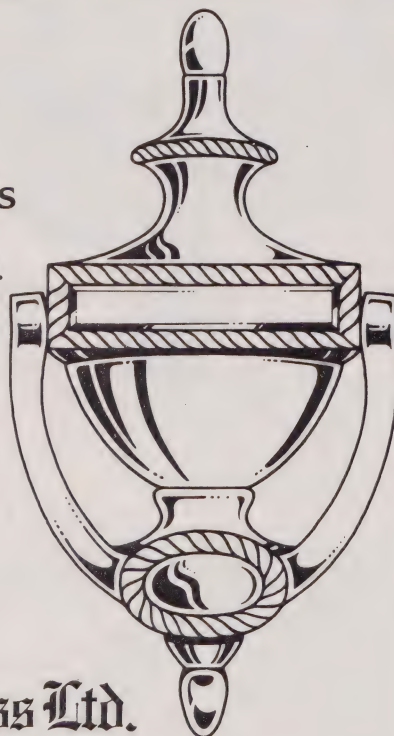
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# Trevor Berbick's roller-coaster career

*The Canadian and Commonwealth heavyweight champ has been on the decline since his sensational Las Vegas win in 1982. But don't count him out. Not yet*

A woman is pacing the lobby of Halifax's Citadel Inn, sizing people up as possible subjects for a communications seminar. Smiling, she walks up to people wandering in, shakes hands and chats about the power of proper communication and how hard it is to get through to others. Few people appear interested.

Then, in strolls a hulking black man in a white Pony training suit, oozing self-confidence and easy charm. The woman backs off and busies herself with someone else.

Trevor Berbick, world heavyweight contender and conqueror of Muhammad Ali, wants to communicate. He has chosen the lobby of the Citadel Inn because exposure and self-promotion are his strong suits. The Jamaican-born fighter is probably one of the two or three best heavyweights ever produced in Canada. But he's been on a steady decline since his winning performance

30, was contemplating another assault on the world title.

He is a complex personality. He's a fighter with the confidence to have signed for a title match with world champion Holmes with just 20 professional fights to his credit and the ability to be one of only three men who have gone the 15-round distance with the champion. And he's a businessman with the audacity to hold up a fight with Muhammad Ali in the Bahamas while demanding that the promoters bring his \$200,000 to his dressing room in suitcases before he entered the ring. He is his own man and the bane of such high-powered promoters as Don King, with whom he signed a multi-fight package to get at Holmes.

A close friend of Berbick says King was flabbergasted when Berbick personally negotiated his share of the Holmes fight from \$50,000 to almost \$200,000. "They find me difficult because I know what I'm worth," Berbick says simply.

Although his value to King has diminished, Berbick still has one fight remaining in their contract. With a win over Lakusta and another possible fight this fall against aging Joe Bugner, Berbick could start 1984 with a new lease on life.

Actor Sylvester Stallone, now handling the fortunes of Canadian heavyweight Gord Racette, is planning a Commonwealth title

fight between Racette and Berbick next year.

Berbick recently turned his business affairs over to Emanuel Stewart and his Kronk Boxing Team of Detroit, a stable that also includes such superstars as Thomas Hearns and Milton McCrory. Part of the reason appears to be his conviction that there are elements in U.S. boxing working against him. "The heavyweight championship is manipulated," he says. "They need somebody they're going to control. I can't allow myself to be manipulated just so I can be called the heavyweight champion."

The manipulation Berbick refers to is the kind that would have John Tate

and Greg Page, both of whom Berbick has defeated, ranked number one in the world at various times; Berbick has never reached that lofty position. The World Boxing Council and the World Boxing Association manipulate the ratings, he insists, to suit their matchmaking.

"In boxing today, I've been mixing with the best of the con artists," Berbick says. "The mob still controls things but in a different form. They don't put a gun to your head, but they shoot holes in your bank account." Berbick says his bank account has remained intact and most of his business, mainly in real estate, is conducted through Trevor Berbick Enterprises in Miami.

But inconsistency has marked his boxing career since his finest moment in June, 1980, when he knocked out American heavyweight John Tate on the Sugar Ray Leonard-Roberto Duran card in Montreal's Olympic Stadium.

Buddy Daye of Halifax, a close friend and a former Canadian lightweight champion, says Berbick appears to have been on a roller coaster ever since he came to Halifax after the 1976 Olympics, where he fought on the Jamaican team. "You never know how he's going to perform when the bell rings."

After his superb performance against Page, Berbick looked unusually awkward against Snipes. Daye blames that on a dispute over strategy in Berbick's corner. Berbick wanted to walk out and demoralize Snipes by sticking out his jaw and inviting the American to hit him. As a ploy it didn't work. Snipes proceeded to send Berbick sprawling into the ropes with a sharp left hook. He spent the remaining rounds trying to clear his head and suffered a decisive loss.

The only explanation Berbick has for his losing waltz with Gordon is that he was extremely tired and may have been doped. "That wasn't me in the ring," he says. "After round two of that fight I found that I couldn't do anything."

Berbick explains that his entourage was staying at the Showboat Hotel in Las Vegas. His trainer believes that someone could have sprayed his room with a concoction that dazed him.

Berbick figures he has another five or six years of boxing left and then he'll turn to managing and training fighters. He now handles the affairs of two professionals and an amateur. The burning ambition to be the world champion, he says, has gone.

Still, some argue that, given his ability and the sorry state of the heavyweight ranks after Holmes' departure, Berbick may yet rule the division.

— John Soosar



Berbick, winner of the fight with Ken Lakusta against Greg Page in Las Vegas in 1982 and his 15-round loss to champion Larry Holmes the previous year.

Since then, Page has risen to third spot in the world ratings. The August *Ring* magazine rankings dropped Berbick to 11th spot as a result of his losses this year to Renaldo Snipes and cruiserweight (between light-heavyweight and heavyweight) S.T. Gordon.

Many boxing observers believe Berbick may still have the tools to do the job. But he lacks consistency.

In early September, after a decisive 10th-round knockout over Ken Lakusta in Edmonton, in defence of his Canadian and Commonwealth crowns, Berbick, at





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## COVER STORY

# Offshore cowboys

*You can make big money on the oil patch. But life on this last frontier of rugged individualism also can mean danger, nerve-wracking isolation and no job security at all*

By Chris Wood

**D**eep beneath the grey Atlantic, steel teeth bite into the soft shale, "making hole" toward a reservoir of gas hidden beneath the earth for more than 70 million years.

On board the offshore rig Zapata Scotian, stationed a few kilometres east of Sable Island, the drilling floor echoes with incessant noise and motion. The rotary table, a spinning disk at the centre of the drill floor, grabs the flanged "kelly," transmitting its motion to a string of drillpipe that extends, through 32 m of water and a further 60 m of sediment, to the bit itself. The racket is compounded of din from the kelly drive, the rumble of the rotary table, the squeal of winches, the slam of steel drillpipe dropping into a rack.

Amid the cacophony, Howard Quinn radiates calm. He is a large man, made larger by the down vest he wears over his plaid work shirt. His easy smile reflects the tranquillity of a Parrsboro, N.S., farming family background.

In more than 20 years of drilling for oil and gas, the last 13 of them spent offshore, Quinn has held every position there is on a drilling rig. Now, he works for Mobil Oil as the company's top man on the Scotian. His job is to make sure Mobil gets its money's worth for the \$200,000 it spends every day the rig is working. It is one of the highest positions held by a Canadian in the offshore, where upper management is still dominated by American veterans of earlier oil booms in the Gulf of Mexico and the Middle East.

Howard Quinn likes his job. The money is good; men in his position can make up to \$100,000 a year. There is physical and mental challenge in pitting brute steel and ingenuity against the imponderables of geology. There is responsibility, more than many men would want. And perhaps best of all, there is the fact that he can spend six months of the year running his 189-acre Parrsboro blueberry farm.

In another five years, Howard says, he'll retire to the farm for good. By then, his two eldest sons, both of whom have



Drill deck on Zapata Scotian: Incessant noise and motion

already spent summers working as painters on drilling rigs, will be well on their way to following in his footsteps.

The eldest, Harold, expects to climb the traditional oil industry ladder when he finishes a two-year drilling technology course: "I plan to start as a roustabout. That way you build yourself up from the bottom and have a working knowledge of everything."

The attractions are those that have already lured nearly 3,000 Atlantic Canadians offshore — money, time off between two- or three-week "hitches," and the opportunity, once they have gained experience, to travel anywhere the oil industry works.

The oil majors make their "plays" for oil and gas in virtually every corner of the free world. The Quinns spent two years in Trinidad, when Howard worked

on a Caribbean strike; family friends have worked in Chile, Kuwait, Saudi Arabia, Indonesia. And the money, at least for many offshore jobs, is unquestionably good; David Sweeney, the Scotian's 28-year-old driller, earns nearly \$50,000 a year after five years in the business, more than enough to finance the fortnightly commuting trip from his home in St. Stephen, N.B.

Every week, Atlantic Canadians by the hundreds knock on personnel office doors in Halifax and St. John's, looking for the big money and taste of adventure a job on the offshore seems to promise. The money and adventure are there for the taking, but only for those ready to play by the imperative of profit. The oil patch is no place for the weak of sinew or the faint of heart.

Scott Edwards, a derrickman, claims



rig workers suffer an undeserved public impression that "they're all six feet tall, with one eye and steel teeth, and they shave their back every morning." That they most certainly are not. Some, in fact, are female. But the demands of offshore life are heavy.

Everyone on the Scotian, from Howard Quinn and other senior managers down to the most junior

painter and galley hand, works a 12-hour day, seven days a week. In theory, the day is broken by a half-hour lunch break and a couple of coffee breaks. But "some days," says one drilling crew member, "you're not fortunate enough to get those breaks. You can go straight out for 12 hours."

Many of the 85 to 90 people on each offshore rig perform physically undemanding service jobs — geological testing, weather watch, laundry. For others, the work can be dangerous. On the drill-floor, where lengths of drillpipe weighing 660 pounds apiece are tightened with huge, cast-iron tongs and heavy chain, safety "is a matter of split-second timing," Scott Edwards says. "If someone's eye wanders, it may be too late. That chain will spin around just like a whip. You can be cut in the face. You can get your fingers jammed. I saw a fellow worker get his hand caught in the chain and his arm was wrapped around the drillpipe, broken in about six places."

Most east coast operators stress caution above speed in drilling, to reduce the toll of accidents. Of the more than 29,000 industrial accident claims filed with the Nova Scotia Workers' Compensation Board last year, fewer than 200 came from the offshore.

But the offshore "hitch" system — the two-, three- or even four-week shifts

put in by rig workers — takes a psychological toll. Newfoundlander Guy Wright, a former rig weather-watcher, found the stretches of unrelieved work "made me a little bit schizophrenic. I found myself very washed out, physically and emotionally."

"It's like being

in prison, except in prison you can't drown," another rig worker says. "I try not to think about time too much when I'm out here," adds David Sweeney.

Even when the hitch is up, the isolation and boredom may continue. The heavy Atlantic fog, bad on the Sable banks, worse still off Newfoundland, frequently grounds the helicopters that ferry personnel to and from the rigs. Edwards, who has been stuck on rigs for as long as five days by fog, says, "That's probably the worst feeling of all. You've finally arrived at your day to come home and in comes the fog. I've felt like going in and putting my head down on the pillow and crying at times."

The lure of earning \$50,000 a year for six months' work is enticing. But it must be weighed against the strain of being away from home for half the year. The stress can be especially great on young families.

"I don't like it," says Halifax rig wife Kim Joyce. "It's a terrible feeling knowing he's out there and no matter how badly I need him, that's it, I'm on my own. I hate staying by myself at night; I'm scared out of my wits. And I find it really hard with the baby. The days are really long and there's just no relief."

Like many rig workers, Bob Joyce admits he is "spaced" for the first day or two he is ashore. "That even robs from your two weeks together," Kim complains, "because you have to spend this readjustment time."

Mike Thorne of Portugal Cove, Nfld., used to be chief steward on a rig. He recalls how his girlfriend (now his wife) Debbie "used to cry her heart out every time I had to go back... every time." Mike eventually quit the offshore to take a job as a meat-cutter.

Not all wives or girlfriends of rig workers find the hitch system intolerable. Indeed, for some the system has unique merits.

Howard Quinn "missed all three of the kids' births," Joan Quinn remembers with a wry chuckle. But now, she finds

his time at home is "sort of like a honeymoon every two weeks."

"You plan everything around the two weeks he's home," Joan says. "The weeks he's gone I can shop and visit and get all that out of the way, so when he's home I can spend all my time with him. And you make that time the more special because it's such a short time."

Scott Edwards' wife, Adella, a freelance cartographer, structures her own work around



PHOTOS BY DAVID NICHOLS

Quinn: Calm amid cacophony



Chopper takes crew home at end of hitch





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## COVER STORY

the same schedule Scott follows. "I miss him terribly when he's away, but I console myself knowing that I see a lot more of him when he's home than I would if he had a regular job."

Some "offshore" workers never set foot on a rig. Nearly 500 sailors, mostly from Nova Scotia and Newfoundland, man the service and supply vessels on which drilling rigs depend for delivery of everything from drillpipe to the latest video movies. They are something of a special case among offshore workers, a self-contained and distinctive sub-culture of the oil patch.

Most have been fishermen or professional deepsea sailors, many of them with the Canadian Navy. Used to spending as much as 10 months at sea, they find the offshore routine of a month

"on" and a month "off" a comparative luxury. And they enjoy living quarters that are positively palatial in contrast to the spartan accommodation aboard rigs — well-appointed private cabins instead of the cell-like rooms shared by two, four, even occasionally six rig workers.

But supply ship crews work hard for the comparative luxury. Like the rest of the offshore, they work 12-hour shifts. The technique of backing in to a rig to off-load supplies, maintaining a steady position in turbulent and unpredictable wind and waves, demands the utmost concentration of helmsmen. The seamen who toil on low-slung working decks, often hip-deep in surging seawater, to hook cable from a rig's crane onto bundles of drillpipe or casing, perform one of the most dangerous jobs in the

country.

To the outsider, the "offshore" may be mistaken for a specific place, the steel island of a rig where Mobil or Petro-Canada is drilling for oil and gas. The reality is more complex.

The gas and oil fields the exploring companies are stalking extend for hundreds of square miles, invisible, beneath the sea floor. Drilling rigs, societies in miniature for those who work on them, are only tools to probe the limits of the underground reservoirs and sample their contents. These tools require a vast array of support and special expertise. And while Mobil or Petro-Canada may ultimately foot the bill, dozens of independent subcontractors do most of the work.

On the Zapata Scotian, drilling off

## A guide to Oilspeak

**F**rom its roots in the dying years of the last century, the oil business has grown until oil and gas companies account for an even dozen of the largest multinationals listed by the Fortune 500. Along the way, oilmen have evolved a language all of their own, a curious blend of technology, macho and whimsy that's cropping up ever more frequently in conversations in Atlantic Canada.

Here's a selective lexicon of Oilspeak:

**Barge-captain:** He goes by different names on rigs of different nationalities, but the barge-captain (as he's called on American vessels) maintains the safety and good order of the rig as a seaworthy vessel.

**BOP:** Blow-out preventer. Rather like an emergency brake, and one of the most expensive items a drill rig carries. Normally, the pressure of oil or gas entering the drill hole from the surrounding sediment is counterbalanced by the pressure of drilling mud pumped into the hole. Should the balance fail, oil or gas may blow out of the well in an uncontrolled gusher, threatening to pollute the ocean or, worse, igniting into a blowtorch of hair-raising size. The BOP contains fast-reaction clamps and valves that can shear and seal off drillpipe, containing the oil or gas. It sits atop a well, sometimes on the ocean floor, sometimes on board the drill rig.

**Drillships:** Drilling derricks mounted on specially built ships. Distinct from drill rigs in several ways, the most visible to a landlubber being that drillships look like real ships. A more significant distinction is that drillships need not be anchored over a well. They can maintain an accurate position with their variety of underwater thrusters and satellite naviga-

tion gear. They can also cut and run from a well on shorter notice than anchored semi-submersible or jack-up drill rigs, a feature that makes them valuable in "Iceberg Alley," off Labrador.

**Farm-ins:** A deal allowing a company with money or expertise to invest in exploration to assume a share in oil and gas acreage rights held by another party.

**Monkeyboard:** A platform 80 feet above the drilling floor, from which a derrickman ropes stands of pipe weighing a ton apiece into racks on the side of the derrick.

**Moonpool:** An opening to the sea in the floor of a drill vessel, through which drill pipe, cables, and, occasionally, divers can be dropped to the well-head. Many supply ships also have moonpools, for use by divers.

**Mousehole:** A hole in the drilling floor into which drillpipe is inserted to be ready for adding to or removing from the string going down the well.

**Mud:** It looks like mud, but it's not something you can pick up at the nearest puddle. Drilling mud — forced into a well to flush out cuttings and keep the pressure of "downhole" oil and gas at bay — is a careful mixture of a variety of minerals and additives. The recipe may be changed several times in the course of drilling one well, and the mud bill for a single hole can be more than \$1 million.

**Oil patch:** Wherever in the world the oil business is busy. The term probably sprang from the Texas and Louisiana oil fields of the 1920s, but there have been oil patches in Alberta, the Middle East and the South Pacific, as well as offshore Atlantic Canada.

**Roughnecks:** The men on a drill

crew who break apart or thread together 660-pound joints of pipe using huge power-driven cast-iron "tongs," "tug-gers" and "draw-works" (winches) and spinning chain. Also on the drilling crew: The derrickman, who may double on the mud pump, and the driller, who controls the machinery and directs activity.

**Roustabouts:** Not at all the same as roughnecks, roustabouts are the gofers and handymen of a drill rig. All successful oil business veterans claim to have started out as one.

**Supply ships:** These workhorses of the offshore all look alike from a distance: The distinctive forward superstructure and long, low stern deck make them look like overscale Cape Islanders. But they are highly sophisticated specialty ships. When holding position to transfer supplies to a rig (a task often complicated by high winds and rough seas), the helmsman, from his glassed-in perch overlooking the work deck, can control the vessel with a single "joystick" computer — linked to engine, rudder, and bow and stern thrusters. The ships come in three basic types: Anchor-handlers (built with huge stern rollers to shift the eight or more anchors of semi-submersible drill rig), diving tenders and general service and supply.

**Toolpusher:** The man in charge of drilling on a rig. He works for the rig owners, and is responsible for keeping drilling crews and equipment available for work. Where and when to drill, though, are up to the oil company's senior rig presence, the drilling supervisor.

**Tripping:** Every time a drill crew has to change a bit, the entire string of drillpipe has to be "tripped out" of the hole. Afterwards, it's "tripped" back in, with roughnecks breaking stands of pipe apart at the rate of one one-ton stand every two minutes, for as long as 12 hours at a stretch. ☒



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# COVER STORY



Joan Quinn: Her husband missed all three kids' births

Sable Island for Mobil Oil, fewer than 10 of those aboard are Mobil employees. The drilling crew, like the men who manage the rig's physical operation, work for the rig's owner, Zapata Offshore Canada Ltd. (a subsidiary of a Houston, Tex., company that owns the rig). A catering subcontractor hires stewards and galley hands. Other firms hold contracts for diving, welding, medical services, testing the well, helicopter service.

The use of contractors has its economic rationale. Shell, for example, may need specialized skills or equipment, perhaps a deep-diving submersible television camera (worth about \$1 million), for only one week out of 52. It is far more efficient to hire a well-equipped specialist for a week than to maintain the gear unused. And the contractor, between calls from Shell, is free to work for Mobil, Chevron or any other company.

Having a choice of competing suppliers also keeps costs down for the big investors.

The system has merits for the many Atlantic Canadian companies anxious to share some of the \$75 million to \$100 million spent on each exploration hole. Dozens of firms have been established or expanded in the region to supply the exploration effort with everything from sonar buoys to anchor-handling vessels. Many are backed by entrepreneurs who see the Hibernia and Venture developments as stepping-stones to world markets.

But the contractor system is something more: A reflection of the oil-patch ethic of rugged, hard-driving, ambitious

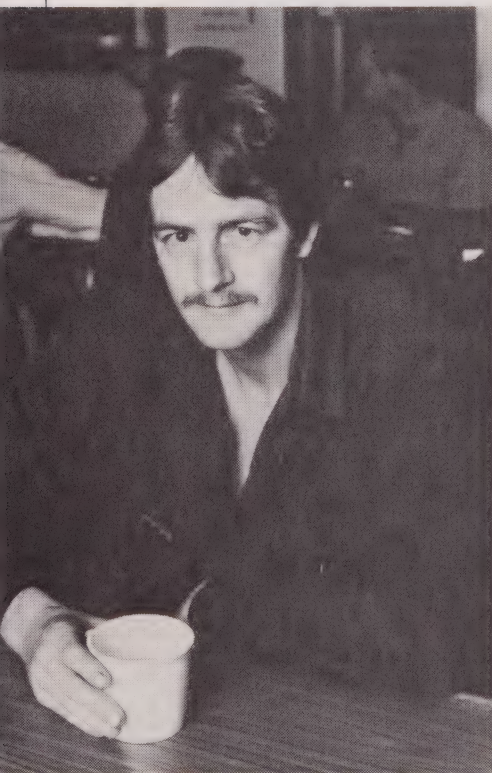


Joyce: "Spaced" first day at home

individualism. It's an ethic that rewards performance above any other virtue, including loyalty — of employee to company or company to employee. The oil business has some successful and ruthless folk heroes. It has very little patience for failure or excuses, and offers few second chances.

Service companies have enjoyed fast growth and high profits offshore, but





Sweeney: The lure of \$50,000 a year



Zapata Scotian workboat: They work hard, too

they can lose contracts if a competitor undercuts their bid, or an oil company registers displeasure at their performance (which explains why more than one firm interviewed for this article asked for the opportunity to delete any comments by their employees that might be offensive to the oil companies).

Individual rig workers are even more insecure. Very few enjoy the protection of a contract. Collective bargaining is virtually unknown. So are staples of other industries such as pension plans, severance benefits or grievance procedures.

"There really isn't any protection [for workers]," Newfoundland Guy Wright says. Wright, who helped finance a degree in anthropology by working on a rig, interviewed several dozen offshore workers for a Newfoundland govern-

ment study. "They're very vulnerable [to the threat of firing]," he says. In extreme cases, the implied threat can amount to intimidation of workers, many of whom have few other job options.

American supervisors, though by no means all guilty, are consistently identified as the most offensive and least sensitive. "They thought you were ignorant," a Newfoundland roustabout says. "They didn't treat you like a man. They'd treat you like a youngster, as if you didn't know anything."

"That's why I left my last rig," Scott Edwards says, "because I was getting that feeling of being a second-class citizen with no charter of rights to protect you." For many less-experienced workers, he says, "it's take it or leave it. This is the way it is, if you don't like it, pack your bags. I've heard the phrase 'Just open another can of roughnecks, and we'll have a new crew.'"


Discipline, verging on the dictatorial, is at least applied with some consistency. Once, Wright recalls, a drilling supervisor (the same position held by Howard Quinn) was ordered off a training rig for going ashore without permission. That autocratic kind of management may change as unions, led by the Seafarers International Union (whose affiliates

represent thousands of North Sea oil and gas field workers), begin to make organizing inroads among east coast offshore workers.

The wide-open, buccaneering free enterprise spirit of the oil patch, however, is unlikely to disappear. It is not only that the vast petroleum multinationals, the fabled Seven Sisters, practise it with awesome effectiveness and power on a global scale. Nor

even that it is ingrained in the psyche of generations of North American oilmen, who have profited by it to climb high in the corporate echelons of power and wealth.

Ambition and hard work will continue to submerge less hardy virtues for one very good reason: Money. For Mobil Oil, the offshore cowboys produced a \$2.4-billion profit in 1982, and that was a modest year. Smaller offshore entrepreneurs can parlay a modest stake into millions. A bluenose roughneck can land a driller's ticket and make \$50,000 for working half the year.

"With a few years' experience and a drilling position," says Howard Quinn, "they can go anywhere in the world, making big money. Anywhere in the world they want to work." Howard Quinn knows what he's talking about. He's done it himself. 

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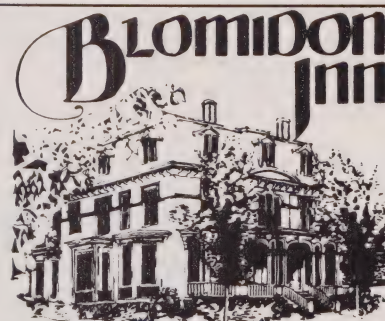
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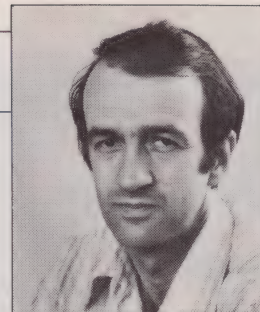
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# The hard, hard lesson of coal mine unionism in Cape Breton



*Can a large, international union really represent the best interests of its members in Nova Scotia? Miners would do well to consider the alternative*

**T**rouble in the collieries. Emotions have been high since late last summer when U.S. headquarters of the United Mineworkers of America suspended Cape Breton's District 26 executive. Meanwhile, the rival Canadian Mineworkers Union launched its second campaign in a year to wrest miners' loyalties away from the international union.

Miners with long memories are apt to say, "Here we go again." For the rest of us, upsets in the coal mines stir a dim awareness of a troubled past which we are not sure belongs to history or legend. Yet those stirrings refer to some of the most dramatic events ever to occur in Canada, events of which the UMW and its rivals were a central part.

We are not fully aware of them because they have been blacked out of accepted Canadian history, partly because they happened outside the Canadian mainstream but mostly because it's a story that even today not everyone wants to hear — a tale of how a brutal corporation and its allies — the courts, the press, the churches, the provincial government and, in the crunch, the UMW — drove literally starving miners to embrace the only friend they had left: Bolshevism. It's a story of the terrorization of civilians by the military, mysterious disappearances of union leaders, justice subverted in every way — the kind of thing we hear from totalitarian states today. The result was, in the summer of 1925, something akin to revolution.

The story has been told in bits and pieces — in union histories, academic treatises, oral reminiscences and so on. By chance, this fall's union troubles coincide with the appearance of an ambitious new book on the old troubles, *The Company Store* by John Mellor. The story is, as always, illuminating.

The UMW arrived in Cape Breton in 1908 to challenge an existing company union. A strike was called in the summer of 1909 against intolerable working conditions and appalling pay. The province sent troops — the hated "specials," mostly thugs recruited from the Halifax waterfront. On July 31, a peaceful demonstration entering Dominion was met by a machine gun mounted on the steps of Immaculate Conception Church, an army officer poised to give the order to fire. Shocked, the crowd turned back.

The gun at the church had more than military significance. The churches were a special disgrace during this period, despite a few brave dissenters. Clergymen in the area were paid with deductions made by the company from miners' pay checks. They were virtually company functionaries — as were many magistrates, councillors and other influential people.

The Dominion Coal Co. also owned the stores, most of the housing and some municipal utilities. By winter of 1910 it cut off credit at the stores and striking miners' families were ejected from company houses at the point of a bayonet. Families toughed out the winter in "tent cities." Cold and malnutrition set off a standard feature of those years: The trek to the cemetery with a child's coffin.

The miners returned to work beaten. The international withdrew the District 26 charter as a lost cause in 1915.

Wages improved during the First World War when coal was badly needed. A new union was formed by James B. McLachlan, a remarkable figure who would be remembered far more vividly had these events unfurled in Quebec, Ontario or the west. McLachlan invited the UMW back in, a move he later regretted.

In 1920, the British Empire Steel and Coal Co. (Besco) was formed. It moved to break the union with blacklistings, mine closures, the juicing up of an existing informer system and in 1921, the shocker: A demand for a 33% pay cut, the first of several cuts. Even working miners became unable to nourish a family. Tensions rose like a slow tide. In 1923, a strike at the steel plant brought more troops. On July 1, mounted specials charged a crowd at Whitney Pier, clubbing men, women and children. The entire nation was shocked. Next day 10,000 miners walked out.

Then McLachlan was arrested on a trumped-up sedition charge and given two years in Dorchester Penitentiary, although national outrage won his release within a few months. At the time of the arrest, John L. Lewis, the notorious UMW international president who had joined with coal companies to weed out leftists, fired the District 26 executive and installed a slate of right wingers. Strike pay was cut off.

Meanwhile McLachlan had joined the Communist party, taking thousands of desperate miners with him. McLach-

lan was a deeply committed Christian, but it seemed at the time as if Soviet-style communism had the workers' interests at heart (he quit the party in disgust a decade later).

By the winter of 1925, several years of accumulated malnutrition was taking a terrible toll. "Famine" doesn't seem too strong a word. Relief was organized in Boston, Toronto and elsewhere, and help even came from Moscow — setting off a howl from press and pulpit. The situation was so extreme that even the provincial government meekly suggested that credit be restored at company stores. Besco dismissed the idea with contempt, affirming that "privation and hunger" were proper weapons to bring miners to heel.

The company tightened the screws, cutting off water and power to New Waterford. Miners went for the ultimate weapon — removal of maintenance men to allow the mines to flood and be ruined. On June 11, mounted specials attacked a crowd of miners at New Waterford. It was the last straw. That night industrial Cape Breton revolted. Troops were routed, police taken prisoner and the company stores looted. Miners' children finally had something to eat.

It ended three weeks later, June 25, when the Murray-Armstrong Liberal government was swept from power. The hard edges of the situation had been removed, but the onset of the Depression did not make miners' lives any easier. Right wingers continued to dominate the District 26 executive. A couple of attempts to displace the UMW with Canadian unions in the 1930s failed.

The lesson for the present is this: As the UMW and the Canadian Mineworkers Union slug it out, miners may want to remember that their fathers and grandfathers were betrayed at their hour of greatest need by the UMW, which threw in its lot with one of the most vicious private corporations Canada has ever seen. Was that an aberration or is it a fact that large international unions do not represent the best interests of their members? Among the grievances that led to the sacking of the executive this time is that miners found that, although dues had been paid for 70 years, there was no strike fund for a 1981 strike. Headquarters may be enlightened now, but the UMW was tested over those 70 years and flunked. Miners would do well to consider the alternative. ☒





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
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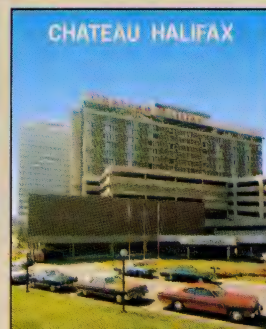
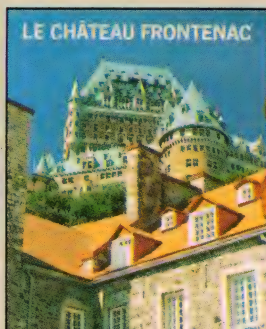
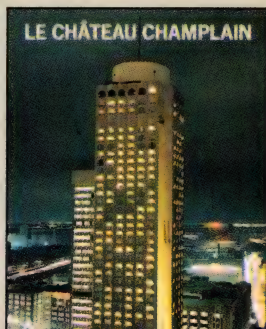
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Forum at Jerash: Columns parade everywhere

## A jewel called Jordan

*To most travellers, the Middle East is Egypt or Israel. Tiny Jordan doesn't flaunt its treasures, but they're well worth searching out*

By Alison Griffiths

It was inside a 747 jet bound for Amman that I met one of the many sides of the Jordanian character. A large, cheery Arab version of Luciano Pavarotti sat awkwardly beside me — his plaster leg cast sticking out into the aisle. "I had a crash," he said in explanation. Thinking he meant a fall, I commiserated. "But," he continued, "no one was killed, it was a small, fortunate crash. Soon I will be back flying one of these," he smiled, thumping the arm of his chair. "You're a pilot for another airline," I remarked hopefully. "Oh, no!" he answered with pride. "I work for this airline — I work for ALIA."

This is not to suggest that ALIA, the Royal Jordanian Airline, is sloppy. On the contrary, the feather-soft landings, extra-comfy seats and superb food prove that ALIA could teach our domestic airlines a thing or two. No, the garrulous pilot simply showed the refreshing but often confusing contradictions in Jordanians, seen through Canadian eyes. One minute they are confiding in you about the sexual preferences of a prominent member of the royal family; the next they look at you with the suspicion usually reserved for spies.

The variation in both outlook and behavior comes from Jordan's melting pot population of Syrians, Palestinians, Egyptians, Lebanese and Saudi Arabians. Contrasts are everywhere in this thirsty land. Donkeys and BMWs are parked side by side on dusty shoulders of the main highway. A well-scrubbed, olive-skinned man in a Trinity College tie and doeskin pants haggles over a slab of lamb at a roadside stand with a Bedouin man whose worn, leathery

hands and long coat are creased with dirt. In the elegant dining room of the Hotel Intercontinental in Jordan's capital, Amman, an Arab woman in three-inch heels and georgette flounces converses in three languages with her tablemates. Outside the hotel she disappears into an air-conditioned Mercedes to drive through the city streets where most of the women you see are veiled Bedouins.

The Middle East, to most travellers, is Egypt or Israel and, until recently, Lebanon with its exquisite beaches. Jordan's narrow buff-colored neck of territory, less than 450 km long, is an afterthought. Like many of the world's best

places, Jordan doesn't flaunt its treasures. Once you search them out though, this peace-loving country and its kind, enigmatic people will hook you forever.

First impressions of Jordan are like peering at a well-worn Hush Puppy through a microscope. Desert stretches in all directions covering 80% of the country. A few roads slice into the brown and grey hills relieved by small splashes of settlements — some modern, some thousands of years old. Jordan has been invaded, re-invaded, and occupied so many times it is surprising anything remains of early civilizations. Europeans speak of the 100 Years War with awe. In Jordan they casually talk about several millennia of war. Despite its legacy of conflict much survives from antiquity and a small amount of exploring reveals that Jordan is a patchwork of footsteps from the past, some dating back to the Paleolithic period.

Some of the most startling examples



Nomadic Bedouins travel same migratory paths as their ancestors



of Jordan's heritage are the Omayyad desert castles erected by the eighth-century caliphs of Damascus. Less than two hours' drive east of Amman they rise pale and ghostly on the horizon. Surrounded by a basalt (lava rock) desert these once luxurious hunting lodges are now stark and lonely, protruding out of the rocky sand as if a giant hand had deposited them there. It takes a bit of imagination to picture the caliphs chasing tigers and gazelles through their own private oases. Qasr Amra (*qasr* means castle in Arabic) is supposed to have been the pleasure palace of Caliph Walid I. Even today the multi-domed roof and frescoed walls depicting naked cavorting figures, ornate serpent women and hounds after a kill exude sensuality. Further to the south, Qasr Al Mushatta is an enormous ruin. In the great arrogance of early 20th century imperialism, most

of the castle was simply given by occupying Turkey to Kaiser Wilhelm who carted its beautiful plaster carvings off to Berlin. Still, the graceful Islamic architecture is evident.

Qasr Al Kharana, the most unusual desert castle, was the only one built for defence. The walls of its austere exterior, 3 m thick in places, are still in excellent condition. I stopped to listen for the clatter of horse hoofs in the courtyard but one more of Jordan's many contrasts interrupted my reverie. Overhead a fighter jet shrieked through the sound barrier. The Bedouin caretaker squinted skyward and shrugged. The jet was not of his world.

Bedouins live in many countries of the Middle East but by far the largest concentration of them, around 150,000, live in east and south Jordan. Only 40,000 Bedouins are true nomads, forag-

ing for water and food along the same migratory paths travelled by their ancestors for centuries. They move with their herds of camels, sheep, goats and horses, pitching little groups of dark goat hair tents when they stop. The aristocrats of the desert are the Aasiil (thoroughbred), the camel herders, and if you know their costume well you can sometimes tell the families of this wealthy tribe by the decoration on the embroidered dresses of the women.

I looked forward to meeting these people but my anticipation was mixed with trepidation. I feared the eye of the sheep. Legend states that guests are offered a sheep's eye to eat, and refusal is considered extremely rude. I was spared the delicacy (it appears to be all myth) and enjoyed goat's head soup instead. Bedouins are very hospitable, but you must not eat with your left hand which is deemed to be unclean. And it is polite to leave shortly after coffee is served.

Many of Jordan's historical monuments are entrusted to Bedouin caretakers and some, like the wizened old man guarding Qasr Al Asraq, treat their charges like favored children. Asraq, a few kilometres east of the Omayyad castles, was built on an oasis, now the only permanent body of water in 12,000 square miles of desert. It satisfied my romantic notions of an Arabian oasis — appearing suddenly against the horizon, lush and green with hundreds of eucalyptus, date palms and tamarisk. Over 360 species of birds stop at the pools during migration, and the recently created Shaumari wildlife reserve supports some of the original inhabitants of the desert, the wild ass, the Arabian oryx and gazelles.

The oasis is unexpected and unique, but Asraq is famous as the place where Lawrence of Arabia holed up in 1917 before his attack on Damascus with Prince Feisal. Sunrise and sunset are the best times to visit Asraq. In the morning, the sun grows out of Asia and at dusk the pink, turquoise and topaz of dawn deepen into shadows of amethyst, olive and terracotta. It is color as only an oasis can paint it.

To some, one crumbling ruin is much the same as another but Jerash, the Roman city of Gerasa, dispels that notion forever. Until the 1920s this Graeco-Roman caravan trading city of the Decapolis, the League of Free Cities, was just so many humps of earth. At that time archeologists excavated what is now called the Pompeii of the Middle East. The eerie, unfamiliar atmosphere of the east is banished in the skeleton of a city that embodies the best of Roman architectural extravagance. Columns parade everywhere and a particularly impressive row, called the Street of Columns, marches toward the oval Forum.

Thirteen churches in Jerash indicate the inhabitants were a deity-fearing lot. One church, built in the Byzantine period just before Jerash's descent into decay, has a scuffed mosaic floor depicting wild



PHOTOS BY ALISON GRIFFITHS

Asraq Castle, like many other monuments, has a Bedouin caretaker



## TRAVEL

animals, including tigers, that once stalked the hills of Jerash and the biblical province of Gilead. Today the rolling terrain is pocked with modern buildings. Drifting through the air is the musical call of the muzzein, beckoning people to prayer. Priests once hailed the devout through cupped hands; now they rely on a loudspeaker that penetrates the dry air for miles.

Jerash is a lesson in humility. It is very difficult to feel superior about the 20th century after seeing 2,000-year-old examples of a sewage system, a water transport system and a coliseum which sends a centre stage whisper clearly into the uppermost seats. Then there are the swaying columns. A guide from the tourist police, which staffs many of Jordan's major sites, led me to three pillars standing near the Roman-built Artemis Temple. Most books laud the temple as Jerash's *pièce de résistance*, but my guide paused only briefly to point it out and then hurried on to his favorite place. Smiling a you'll-never-believe-this smile he produced a key from his pocket with the flourish of a prestidigitator and inserted it at the base of one of the pillars. Staring intently at the key I wondered at his madness...until the key moved. Slowly and rhythmically, the column actually swayed in the non-existent breeze. No one knows for sure, but archeologists speculate that this marvellous bit of construction wizardry — the secret is a lead spike in the centre of the column — was developed to counter the earthquakes that are still common in Jordan.

The main street of Jerash, flanked by 261 columns, runs 600 m to the north gate. Here the 20th century is nudged aside. All along the brick road, still in marvellous condition, are the unmistakable indentations of chariot wheels. Some claim life goes on as energy long after death. It is easy to believe it in Jerash.

From Jerash the King's Highway, one of the oldest roads in the world, meanders south to Jordan's only port on the Gulf of Aqaba. The road is a joy to drive because it is a little like flipping through the pages of a world history. The Canaanites, Israelites, Babylonians, Persians, Moabites, Byzantines and Crusaders all deposited some part of their civilization along this ancient route. Tales of childhood are found here: Crusader castles, Herod's palace and pilgrim shrines.

Madaba, the City of Mosaics, dating back to 1300 BC, is one of the first stops along the highway. A sixth century mosaic map of Jerusalem, thought to be the oldest map of the Holy Land in existence, is housed here in a Greek Orthodox church. Impressive though Madaba's lovely mosaics are, they paled beside my first glimpse of the Dead Sea from Mount Nebo, 10 km north of the city. Moses' ghost and I stared across to the



East gate of Jerash, a city embodying best of Roman architectural extravagance



Archeologists call Jerash the Pompeii of the Middle East

blue slit of water and the land of Canaanites. The road descends through the buff colored, rocky terrain, down past Bedouins swathed head to toe in their traditional dark woven layered garment, and even further down, 392 m past a small sign indicating sea level. Beneath the level of the oceans the air was warm, thick and soft.

The atmospheric change might account for my guide's enthusiastic insistence on a small tippie of the national drink, arak. A glass of the strong, anise-flavored liquor at the government rest house on the shores of the Dead Sea is enough to mellow the outlook of any traveller. At sunset the sea gleams with

the flat opalescence of pure gold. It only lasts minutes because the sun drops suddenly behind the hills hiding Jerusalem. In the darkness the lights of the occupied West Bank blink in black velvet. "There," says the bartender, stabbing a finger across the water in the direction of Qumran, "is where the Dead Sea Scrolls were found." Even devout atheists will feel their hearts twist.

After I'd listened to the enthusiastic talk of tourism officials I expected the shores of the Dead Sea to have a distinctly Coney Island atmosphere and to be packed with Holiday Inns sitting cheek by jowl. Happily "development" in Jordan still means a handful of rest-



houses (inexpensive lodges licensed by the government and roughly comparable to a first class European youth hostel with a bar), a few camels that you can ride for less than a dinar (about \$3) and a modest changing facility. Non-floaters will love the briny waters which support the thin and fat alike, as if they were errant corks. I kicked my feet a few times but my legs merely bobbed out of the water and when I tried to pull with my arms, the sea tumbled me over and over. Propulsion was impossible. The water is so dense that you can't even wade in without popping up like a jack-in-the-box. Advertisements show bathers floating while reading a paper and sipping from a coffee cup which floats by their side. Guides warn you not to drink the water — but who can resist? I stuck my tongue out and retracted it immediately, pickled and bitter.

South of the Dead Sea the King's Highway ambles past Kerak, a fortress from the Crusades, and Zarka Ma'an, where Herod bathed, but I was anxious to see the rose red city of Petra. Most tourist sites set you up to be disap-

weep with envy. Even the tourist horses have the typical exquisite conformation of the Arabian — delicate muzzles, huge eyes, small ears, slender legs and powerful hindquarters.

Ancient Petra, begun in the third century BC, is 45 minutes away by horse or two hours on foot. The main entrance is through the Siq, a narrow channel wedged between 20-m cliffs. It was this impregnable gateway that allowed the Nabataeans to keep the Romans at bay for 500 years. Riding along you are blind save for the sand beneath the horses' feet, the dark cliff walls just arms' reach away and a thin ribbon of sky snaking overhead. Etched into the cliff is a narrow water duct and every now and then the remains of a sentry post appear.

If you have ever woken with a sudden shock to find yourself in a strange place, you will recognize the impact when the Siq widens. With no warning Petra is there, completely enclosed by and carved into the red rock faces. The first sight is stunning. Il Khazneh, the Treasury, appears like a gold and ochre spectre, its pillared edifice covered by goddesses, ornate floral sculpture and topped by an urn. The cameo facade is

above carving a few crosses in the enormous inner chamber and using it as a Christian church.

Petra is actually a living monument because 150 Bedouins live inside the city in a tent camp near the Roman Theatre. They sell handmade "artifacts" to the tourists, take them for rides on their Arabian horses and operate the tiny, incongruous post office, miniature café and store. The children run wild, climbing the rocks from one end of Petra to the other and the adults seem happy catering to the tourists.

Most people stay outside the Siq but you can spend overnight in the cliffside tombs if you like. The café provides simple food, and occasionally the Bedouins invite campers for a meal. Sleeping in the tombs isn't eerie at all — the atmosphere is quiet and peaceful.

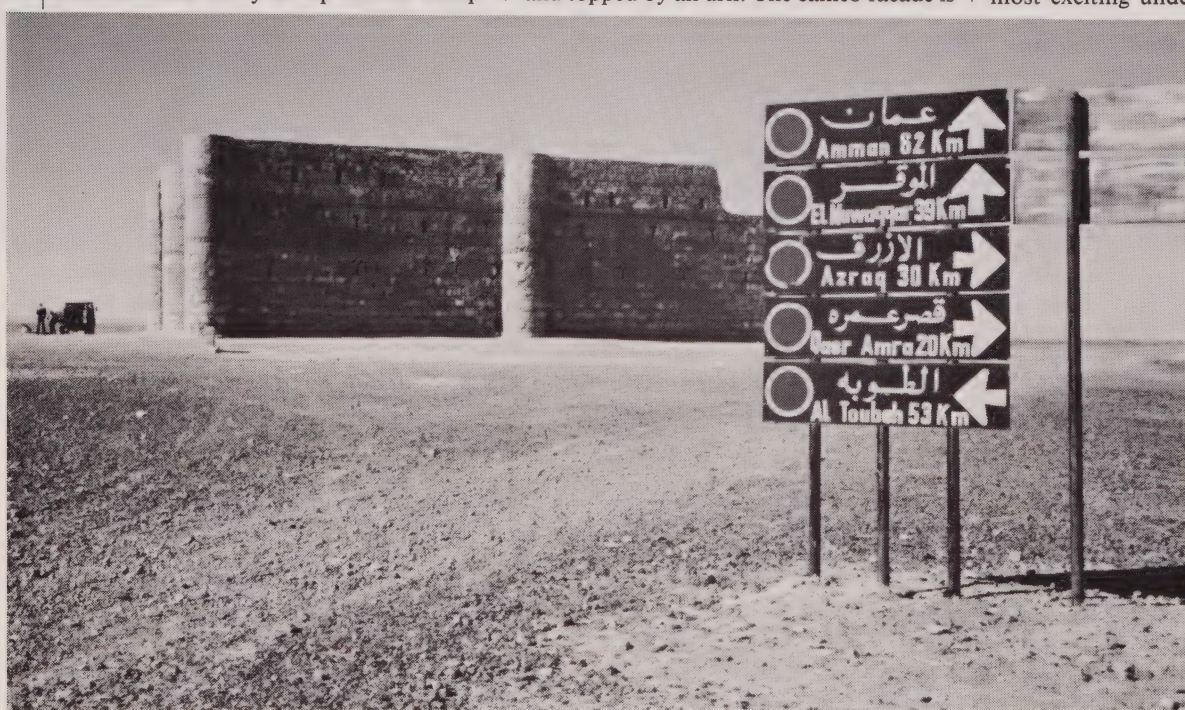
After Petra the real world seems a bit silly. The contrast is even more marked at the seaside playground of Aqaba — Jordan's only port. The setting for Aqaba's beach is all sapphire and sand, relieved by the dark and pale greens of plants. Divers say the Gulf of Aqaba contains some of the most exciting undersea life in the world,

and several large hotels have given the port the reputation of being the Acapulco of the Middle East — but much nicer. The resorts are fine but the best accommodation is in the Aqaba, the area's first hotel. Its rooms aren't sumptuous but what's the point of going to the Middle East if it feels like Miami?

Aqaba is lovely but its chief appeal (at least to a wanderer) is its proximity to the Wadi Rumm, perhaps the most beautiful desert on earth, strewn with violet and charcoal mountains. You can hire a camel to ride into the police post of the Bedouin Desert Patrol, a

dedicated corps of men who protect Jordan's boundaries. Guests are served sweet, sticky pastries and a cup of bitterly strong cardamom-flavored coffee. Surrounding the post are the black tents of the Bedouin encampment. At one point I wandered over to take a picture and a policeman gently forbade photographs. "Our women are there," he said.

Jordan is not a country for those who like to be hermetically sealed in all the comforts of home. But if you can find yourself at home with contrasts and contradictions, you'll find its people easy to love. Walking in history's footsteps here isn't possible without a bit of emotional upheaval. But it's worth it. ☑



Qasr Al Kharana: The only Omayyad desert castle built for defence

pointed. Few can live up to their professionally overblown images. Towering mountain ranges turn into ragged hills, viewed up close, and shimmering white beaches become boring stretches of grey sand populated by sand fleas. Petra was different.

There are actually two cities named Petra. The modern version sprawls over hilly terrain and is worth visiting if only to stay at the excellent government rest house built into an ancient customs house. At Petra, you see some of the best horsemanship in the world. Horses are more common than cars and Bedouins ride through the city astride animals that would cause most of the horsy set to

such an utter surprise that visitors stand frozen and gaping at the mouth of the Siq. The Nabataeans grew fat and prosperous inside their protected enclave. The Romans only managed to snatch the fortress away in AD 106 when they discovered and cut off Petra's water supply.

Huge rooms are carved into the rock, many of them divided into small nooks which may have served as living quarters for the ruling class. Some of the rooms include deep tombs in which the dead were buried, one on top of the other. What they did about the smell no one knows. Ed-Deir, with its huge rock urn, stands aloof from the rest of the city. It was probably built by the Nabataeans but the Romans weren't



## SMALL TOWNS



### Sackville, N.B.

*One town pamphlet bids the visitor "welcome to a Magic Place." A bit much, you think? Don't knock it till you've tried it*

*By Harry Bruce*

I take Landing Road, heading south out of Sackville, N.B., and come to the town dump, fuming on a ridge in the eternal marsh. Thuggish seagulls defy the sign ordering "No loitering or scavenging," and wooden piles, thicker than telephone poles, rot in the nearby grass. Did they once support the wharf that served sailing vessels before silting changed the course of the caramel-colored Tantramar River and locked Sackville in land? That was in a time only the very old remember, a time when Charles G.D. Roberts was the lion of Canadian literature. Now, the only sea in sight is the sea of grass, the same fragrant, undulating sea that the French settlers knew three centuries ago, and it rolls south and east of the town's spires for 30,000 acres. Still, the stranded piles suggest that even the marsh changes, and over near the sandstone railway station and the lame Enterprise stove factory, Steve's Beverage Room sells its own

oceans of draught beer to student, foundry-worker and jobless, slow-pitch ballplayer alike, and proves by its very existence that Sackville, as dry as a Methodist summer camp in my time there, is also capable of change.

Beyond Steve's, on higher ground at "The Captains' Corner," sit the rangy, wooden houses where Sackville's skip-pers once lived, and way, way off in the opposite direction, haybarns hunch against the great winds that sweep the wet plain, pound the town and punish the outdoor lovers among the 1,600 students at Mount Allison University. The barns stand out on the far, flat horizon as clearly as the silhouettes of ships at sea, and since I'm upwind of the dump, the streaming air smells only of salt and sweet hay. That's a fine old aroma, and the Tantramar marshland is a fine, old place. The poet Roberts loved it here. In "Tantramar Revisited," which editor A.J.M. Smith called a "master-piece of recollected emotion," Roberts marvelled over the marshes:

*Miles on miles they extend,  
level, and grassy, and dim.  
Clear from the long red sweep  
of flats to the sky in the distance,  
Save for the outlying heights,  
green-rampired Cumberland Point;  
Miles on miles outrolled,  
and the river channels divide them,  
Miles on miles of green,  
barred by the hurtling gusts.*

Railway tracks across "the eternal marsh"

Out here among the miles on miles, I feel I'm as close to being nowhere as it is possible to be; but Sackville, far from regarding itself as nowhere, has long been proud to be the precise centre, if not of the universe, then at least of everything that matters. "First, it is the geographical centre of the Maritime Provinces," an exuberant town booster wrote in *The Busy East* in 1919. "Second, Sackville is the educational centre of the Maritime Provinces. The Mount Allison Institutions, whose fame is known and read of by thousands and tens of thousands all over the world, are located in Sackville, and perhaps that is 'Nuff said.' " Take that, Dalhousie, Acadia and St. Francis Xavier. "Third, Sackville is the agricultural centre of the Maritime Provinces." So much for Prince Edward Island and the Annapolis Valley. Sackville was also "the commercial centre of the Maritime Provinces," and, "industrially, Sackville is no mean town and can rightfully claim to be the manufacturing centre of the provinces by the sea." Sorry Sydney, Pictou County, Halifax and Saint John. Moreover, "Sackville concrete blocks are mighty good blocks" and "the future undoubtedly holds big things for Sackville." None of this bumf conceded that the population of the geographical, educational, agricultural, industrial and commercial centre of the Maritimes hovered just above 2,000.



Even now, after expansion of its boundaries, fewer than 6,000 people live there.

Decades rolled by, and "big things" failed to materialize, but the town never forgot its strategic location. Its spot on the skinny Chignecto neck that links Nova Scotia to New Brunswick was why the French built the nearby Fort Beauséjour (now a National Historic Park) in the 1750s, why the British captured the fort in 1755, and why American revolutionaries invaded it in 1776. The Yanks failed miserably, and the Yorkshire immigrants who'd helped repel them stayed on to give Sackville both its character and the families who would become its gentry. More than two centuries later, a town publication declared, "Latest census figures show Sackville, a politically Conservative town, to be solidly Protestant, English-speaking and of British heritage." It seemed self-evident that a people could hardly be more blessed. Less than 10% of the townsfolk were French by origin.

By 1968, Sackville no longer claimed to be the centre of the Maritimes in every respect but *This Is Sackville* was proud to repeat the ancient boast that it was at "the exact geographical centre of the Maritimes." Only last September, Guy MacLean, president of Mount Allison, said, "We're at the absolute centre of the Maritimes. It takes almost the exact same driving time to get to Halifax, Fredericton, Saint John, or Charlottetown."

Few small towns anywhere are less out-of-the-way than Sackville. By road or rail, from P.E.I., from Halifax and Montreal and points between, major Canadian traffic hurtles right through what the boosters are now content to call "The Happy Heart of the Maritimes," and out here by the dump, I can hear

18-wheelers zoom north and roar south on the Trans-Canada Highway. The age of the automobile eliminated not only millions of horses but also the lucrative market for marsh hay to feed them, and though it's fine to be at the centre of things, the highway that races across these same marshlands rebukes Sackville's forgotten time as a pastoral seaport. The railway tracks arrow across the marsh to the old station where tens of thousands of students have disembarked in Septembers that stretch back to another century.

For generations, the first Sackville building they saw, aside from the station, was the wooden Sackville Hotel. It was so grim-looking that a Montreal-born alumnus recalled that it reminded him of the horror film *Psycho*, and that it seemed to warn, "Turn back!"



The Mount A fountain: More than ever, town needs gown



The university sports complex: One of the facilities town residents can enjoy too



## SMALL TOWNS

Now, with the upper floors chopped off, it's just good old Steve's Beverage Room which, from the outside, looks like the scene of bar-room brawls in a Burt Reynolds movie. But with its railway decor, cheerful waiters and ceaseless music from the "Rock-Ola, integrated circuit, solid state, stereophonic music system," Steve's is actually a reasonably peaceful, lively and friendly little hangout, and that's true of the whole town as well.

Sackville may not always have been so pleasant. A man who grew up there, hated the old high school and moved away forever once described the town's "atmosphere of sour tragedy," and Alex Colville was glad to live in Sackville not because it was a sweet, rural village but because its air of brutal reality was good for his development as an artist. He'd served as a war artist, and in the late Forties immersed himself in the cheerless realism of French existentialists. "Sackville was the perfect setting for that stuff," he said, recalling his first years as an art teacher at Mount Allison. "It seemed stark and bleak. Power and commerce coursed through the town.... If I miss anything about Sackville now, it's the big trains rolling through the night."

Sackville was an industrial town, with two rival stove foundries, and rigid class divisions. Even the marshes, by comparison with the manicured Great Meadow near Colville's current home, Wolfville, were harsh, "just a muddy wilderness." Colville thought, "This is reality. This is what society is really like. This is it. I'm still glad that, as a younger man, I went there first, rather than to this Lotus-land [the Annapolis Valley]." He stayed in Sackville 27 years, and it was there that he fashioned the paintings — which many see as bleak, cold, even frightening — that eventually sent his name around the world, like that of Fawcett stoves. Town tradesmen rarely dared set foot in the university library. Working stiffes resented the snobs at the little red college on the hill. Though gentry had once donated money to Mount Allison, it was Colville's impression that the rich families merely tolerated the university, and that town-and-gown relations were generally "tense." For me, on a night in 1955, they were bloody.

A boy from Toronto, I was escorting a girl from Halifax near the graveyard beside Sackville United Church. The gravestones bore locally famous names: Fawcett, Black, Dixon, Avar, Pickard, and Charles F. Allison, Esq., who "fell asleep in Jesus" in 1858, "having lived to see the noble institution founded by his munificence occupying a high position, and exercising a wide and salutary influence." A Sackville tough, with boots and a red-and-black checked wind-breaker, insulted the girl from Halifax. Naturally, I challenged him. He was built

like a tank. My knuckles kept bouncing off the top of his head. His knuckles kept mashing my nose, lips and eyes. I learned that night that skinny students from Toronto should not fight short foundry-workers from Sackville. It was all part of getting a liberal education.

I have a hazy recollection that the name of the tank with the flying fists was Estabrooks, and the odds are fair that I am right. The first local Estabrooks came from New England in the early 1760s, even before the Yorkshire immigrants, and there are now no less than 135 of them in the Sackville telephone

in Sackville, likes it, intends never to leave. He's executive director of Mount Allison's aggressive alumni organization. "It used to be," he said, "that if you went to a hockey game at Allison Gardens and Mount A was playing Anybody, then the whole town would be rooting for Anybody. Those games were sometimes a blood sport, too."

"So how are town and gown getting along these days?" I asked MacRae. I also asked Will Campbell, the undertaker who's been mayor for seven years; Peter Tapley, president of the Sackville Economic Development Corporation;



Coffee house club: D.W. MacLauchlan, former dean of the men ("The Chin") is on the right



Bill Estabrooks: The only hand-made, long-straw horse collars in North America

book. Bill and Bonar Estabrooks run the town's best-known mini-industry, the Sackville Harness Company. It employs six, including the Estabrooks brothers; produces the only "hand-made, long-straw horse collars" in North America; and welcomes strangers who drop in just to sniff the leather.

Peter MacRae (Class of '61) didn't doubt the story of my brawl. "If a foundry kid met an engineering student from Cape Breton outside the bank in those days, it was a blood sport." The son of an English professor, MacRae grew up

the squat police chief, H.D. Dougherty; Harvey Gilmore, director of development for Mount A; Guy MacLean, the affable and sandy-haired president, and Mrs. MacLean; and professors, students, ex-deans, shopkeepers, waiters at Steve's, and waitresses at the most celebrated country hotel in Atlantic Canada, the Marshlands Inn. My informal survey might not have met the academic requirements of Mount A's sociology profs but it convinced me that university and town have recently been on a honeymoon so mutually gratifying that, if you



leave aside the gloom surrounding the gasping stove foundries, you can almost accept that Sackville really is the happy heart of the Maritimes.

Chief Dougherty did say that the biggest problem his eleven-man force confronts is dope traffic — “grass, seed, LSD, you name it” and the petty thievery it causes, but he did not single out the students as the offenders. His major complaint against them was only that “they’re awful buggers for stealing traffic signs,” and he had high praise for the students’ campus police force. Having once worked in Fredericton, he thought relations between the students and community were “absolutely A-1.” Having once worked for Dalhousie in Halifax, Mount A president Guy MacLean said, “I’d even be tempted to call the situation here idyllic.”

One reason for the late honeymoon is that, as the stove foundries dwindle, the university thrives; and now, more than ever before, the town *needs* the gown. Sackville has small industries and government agencies that give it a professional middle class beyond the university, but the empty shops along one side of the red, stone, turn-of-the-century Bridge Street, declare that the recession has hit some hard. Certain merchants are barely hanging on while they wait for happy days to come again, and Peter Tapley of the Sackville Economic Development Corporation bluntly concedes that it is now as true as it ever was that, for a Sackville youth who’s not going on to university, there are only three choices: “Rake leaves at the university, put bolts in stoves — or leave.” But the way things are going at both Enheat Inc., founded in 1852 and makers of the once-illustrious Fawcett stoves, and at the 111-year-old Enterprise Foundry Co. Ltd., the Sackville youth may soon lose even the option of putting bolts in stoves. Meanwhile, the university, by comparison with the foundries, is rolling in dough.

Mount A owns 45 buildings in Sackville. Its physical plant is worth \$100 million, and salaries for its 400-odd faculty and support staff amount to nearly \$13 million a year. That kind of money, combined with the cash students lay out, goes a long way toward propping up the town’s crippled economy. Moreover, Mount A is now a year-round business. Its summer programs include athletic and music camps for youngsters, and conventions that attract thousands. Last summer, for instance, Mount A was host not only to the usual annual meeting of the Maritime Conference of the United Church but also to gatherings of Baptists, Methodists and charismatic Catholics, all of whom doubtless left money in the cash registers of merchants.

Fully a third of the teachers at Sackville’s Tantramar Regional High, a superior high school, are Mount A grads. Wives of faculty work at both the hospital and the home for the elderly.

Some Mount A staff and spouses have hurled themselves into service for town committees, the hospital board, the school board, kid hockey, the local art association, efforts to build a town library. A few run local businesses on the side. A professor and his wife own The Different Drummer, a rival to the Marshlands Inn. Even Steve himself, of Steve’s Beverage Room, is the son of a Mount A prof. Moreover, if the gown has gone to town, the town has come to the gown.

Townies enjoy Mount A’s art gallery, library, athletic centre and convocation hall, and thanks to fat endowments these buildings are lavish by the standards of many small universities. The townsfolk



Judy and Guy MacLean



Chief Dougherty: An “A-1” relationship

also get to see the ballet, concerts and drama that Mount A imports. In short, thanks to the university, the town can accurately boast, “With a small-town charm and atmosphere, [Sackville] has a list of advantages to compete with a much larger urban centre.” The latest Sackville pamphlet also says, “So welcome to a Magic Place.” I thought that was a bit much till I discovered the Vienna Coffee House.

It’s just below the campus, and serves lethally delicious desserts. Its cheesecake is, well, magic. I dropped in there at 11:30 one morning, and found half a dozen elderly men at one table. One was

D.W. MacLauchlan, former dean of men, whose jaw structure not only expressed his dedication but also inspired generations of students to call him “The Chin.” He expelled me from residence for assorted heinous offences but that was 30 years ago, and he kindly does not remember me as one of his “bad boys.” Now, he warmly introduces me to the codgers round the table. The men in this gentle discussion club include an ex-police chief, ex-newspaper publisher, ex-missionary, ex-employee of CN Express, ex-employee of Atlantic Whole-salers (one of Sackville’s healthy industries), and another ex-dean from Mount A, New Brunswick’s lieutenant-governor, George Stanley, is an honorary member who drops by whenever he’s in town.

These gents meet at the coffee house on weekday mornings to reminisce, talk over issues of the day, and simply to see one another’s faces once again. They joke about the fact that the membership keeps on dwindling, as it inevitably must, and strike me as a graceful, civilized, unpretentious bunch. Retired gown and retired town get along swimmingly here, as perhaps they do in coffee houses in Vienna; and sitting with them confirms my hunch that Sackville, by comparison with the place Colville and I remember, is a fine place to be.

Some say Grits and Tories were once so rabidly partisan in Sackville that they’d patronize only their own merchants, and that the town therefore still has “two of everything.” It is more than mere jocular myth that the Campbell funeral home buried the Tories while the Jones undertakers got the Grits. In death shalt thou be revealed? A glance at the yellow pages suggests Sackville has two florists, drugstores, banks, photography shops, hardware stores, supermarkets, taxi companies, used-car dealers and carpet dealers, but perhaps this is merely due to the size of the town and healthy competition. Though the foundries are not what they once were, Sackville also has two of them.

But it has only one university. The first line of the corny, soaring, school song goes, “Mount Allison so fair, beyond the marshes there...” Here on the marshland, four black-and-white cattle graze where the vessels once collected hay. While the long wind and flat miles seem the same as ever, the noon whistle at the Enterprise Foundry sounds plaintive and dated. Even the trains don’t rattle into Sackville as often as they once did. Yet I can see the red corners of university buildings, peeking from behind older trees in the northwest, and I know that as recently as my bloodied face, not 30 years ago, there was no one, not even a fund-raiser, who ever dreamed that such buildings would arise. Sackville people are lucky to have Mount Allison so fair, and they’re smart enough to know it. The Vienna Coffee House is not a bad spot either. ☐





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***ahhh...that's better.***





# CITYSTYLE

ATLANTIC INSIGHT NOVEMBER 1983

## Who's winning Halifax's development war?

Page CS10





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# GADABOUT

## ART GALLERIES

**Mount Saint Vincent University Art Gallery.** To Nov. 13, downstairs: *Maxwell Bates: Landscapes 1948-1978*. This exhibition introduces the work of an early western Canadian modernist. Organized by the Medicine Hat Museum. Upstairs: *Nova Scotia Crafts VI*: Joleen Gordon, basketry. Display accompanied by film. Nov. 18-Dec. 10, downstairs: *Associations From Away*. Display of works by various artists whose formative periods were spent on the east coast. Curated by Bruce Ferguson. Upstairs: *Nova Scotia Crafts VII*: Rejene Stowe and Andrew Terris, glass. Bedford Highway, 443-4450. Hours: Mon.-Fri., 9 a.m.-5 p.m.; Tues. till 9 p.m.; Sat. & Sun., 12-5 p.m.

**Dalhousie Art Gallery.** Nov. 4-Dec. 11: From the Sobey Art Foundation, works by three founders of the Group of Seven: Lawren Harris, Frederick Varley and Franklin Carmichael. Through November: The gallery features black and white photo works by Halifax artist Alvin Comiter. Also, *Four Objective Artmakers*, works by four younger Canadian sculptors. Guest-curated by Halifax sculptor John Greer. Dalhousie Campus, 424-2403. Hours: Tues., 11 a.m.-5 p.m. & 7-10 p.m. Wed.-Fri., 11 a.m.-5 p.m.; Sat.-Sun., 1-5 p.m.

**Art Gallery of Nova Scotia.** Nov. 10-Jan. 2: Display of recent acquisitions in the gallery's permanent collection, including works by Sheila Cotton, Ruth Wainwright, Arthur Lismer, Jack Humphrey, James Spencer and James Morrice. In the Mezzanine Gallery, one of a series of exhibitions featuring private N.S. collections. 6152 Coburg Road, 424-7542. Hours: Mon., Tues., Wed., Fri., Sat., 10 a.m.-5:30 p.m.; Thurs., 10 a.m.-9 p.m.; Sun. 12-5:30 p.m.

**Saint Mary's University Art Gallery.** To Nov. 8: paintings by Ontario artist William Blair Bruce. Nov. 16-Dec. 15: A retrospective of realist painter Michael Coyne, art professor at Acadia

University. Also, *Lunch With Art*; gallery holds performances at 12:30 p.m. Nov. 4: Sherry Lee Hunter, mime; Nov. 18: Leonard Hild, tenor; Nov. 25; Angela Holt, dancer. SMU campus, 429-9780. Hours: Tues., Wed., Thurs., 1-7 p.m.; Fri., 1-5 p.m.; Sat. & Sun., 2-4 p.m.

**Anna Leonowens Gallery** (N.S. College of Art and Design). To Nov. 5: Gallery 1. From Dr. Louis Collins' collection, *Champions and Triumphs*: Glimpses from a Haligonian Boyhood; Gallery 2. Gerry Amey, photographs; Gallery 3. Janet Brooks, textiles. Nov. 8-12: Gallery 1. Collins' collection; Gallery 2 & 3. Graduate students' exhibit. Nov. 15-19: Gallery 1. University of Regina exchange exhibit; Gallery 2. Women's Affairs display; Gallery 3. Judy Haines, photographs. Nov. 22-26: Gallery 1. Regina University exhibit; Gallery 2. Student Union





group exhibit; Gallery 3. Katrina Chaytor and Jim Smith, ceramics. Nov. 29-Dec. 3: Gallery 1. Lawrence Weiner, poster archives; Gallery 2. Intermedia exhibit; Gallery 3. Elizabeth Devine, paintings. 1889 Granville Street, 422-7381. Hours: Tues.-Sat., 11 a.m.-5 p.m.; Thurs., 5-9 p.m.; Sun., 11 a.m.-3 p.m.

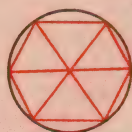
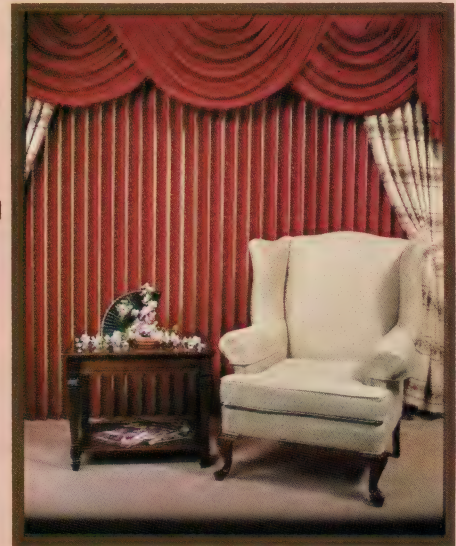
## MOVIES

**Rebecca Cohn Auditorium.** Nov. 7: Travelogue film and lecture: *The French West Indies*; Nov. 20: *Das Boot*, acclaimed West German film based on best-selling Lothar Buchheim novel about the experiences of a war correspondent aboard a German U-boat during the Second World War. English subtitles; Nov. 27: *Lolita*, Stanley Kubrick directed this 1962 film based on Nabokov's classic novel

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**CITYSTYLE**





# GADABOUT

of forbidden obsession. Outstanding performance by Peter Sellers with Shelley Winters and James Mason. B&W. Nov. 28: Travelogue: *The New Norway*. Screenings at 8 p.m. Dalhousie Arts Centre, Dalhousie campus. For information call 424-2298.

**Dalhousie Art Gallery.** Nov. 1: *Protest and Communication*, the sixth in the highly acclaimed BBC-TV series

*Civilization* by the late critic and art historian, Sir Kenneth Clark. The theme of protest and communication leads Sir Kenneth to the Reformation, the Germany of Albrecht Durer and Martin Luther, to Erasmus, the France of Montaigne, and to the Elizabethan England of Shakespeare. Nov. 8, 15, 22: A three-part film series which introduces the major sculptors of the century and looks closely at their works. Nov. 8: *The Pioneers*, Rodin, Degas, Matisse and others. Nov. 15: *Beyond Cubism*, Tatlin, Gabo Pevsner and others. Nov. 22: *The New World*, Roszak, Chamberlain, Noguchi and others. Nov. 29: Two half-hour films on photographers. *This is Edward Steichen* and *Alfred Stieglitz, Photographer*.

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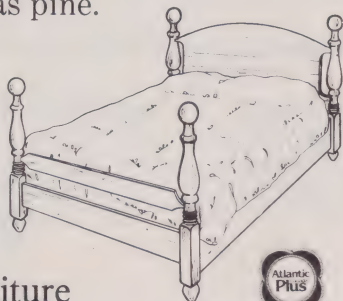
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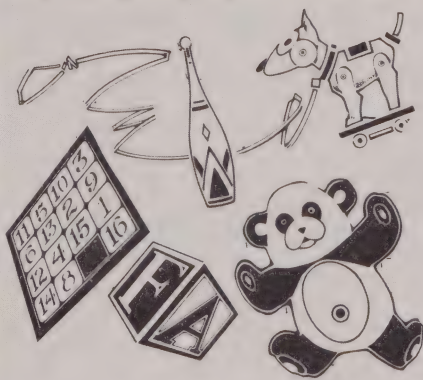


**Kipawo Showboat Co.** Through November, weekends at 8:30 p.m.: The comedy *Relatively Speaking* by Allan Ayckbourn and the musical *Joey Wants to Sing* by Jack Sheriff and Rick Penner. Located in the Bean Sprout Bldg. at 1588 Barrington St. For information, call 429-9090.

**Dalhousie Arts Centre.** Nov. 2-5: The Mulgrave Road Co-op Theatre Co. presents *Holy Ghosts* in the Sir James Dunn Theatre. Nov. 30-Dec. 4: *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, performed by Dalhousie Theatre Productions. Shows at 8 p.m., Sir James Dunn Theatre. For information, call 424-2298.

**CITYSTYLE**





## MUSEUMS

**Nova Scotia Museum** — Nov. 12-Jan. 3: a Christmas exhibition. Items such as antique skates and toys from the museum's collection are displayed with blow-ups of old Christmas cards. Also running: *Atlantic Glass Artisans '83*, a display of prize-winning stained glass pieces by Nova Scotian artists.

**Dartmouth Heritage Museum** — In the gallery, Nov. 14-Dec. 5: Oil paintings by Nova Scotia artist Trudy Callbeck.

## IN CONCERT

**Dalhousie Arts Centre.** Appearing in the Rebecca Cohn Auditorium: Nov. 2, the BBC Welsh Symphony Orchestra; Nov. 25 and 26, Acadian folksinger Edith Butler. All performances at 8 p.m. In the Sir James Dunn Theatre: Nov. 13, 3 p.m., Josef Petric and the Free Bass Accordion. For information call 424-2298.

**Saint Mary's University Art Gallery.** Nov. 20: The gallery is holding a series of live chamber music performances at 8 p.m. For details call 423-7727.

## CLUB DATES

**Pasta House Trattoria:** 5680 Spring Garden Road. To Nov. 6: *Brian Murphy Trio*, a Halifax jazz favorite; Nov. 7-12: hit saxophonist Kirk MacDonald joins Murphy Trio; Nov. 14-19: *Yuk Yuk's Comedy Kabaret*; Nov. 21-26: *Joel Zemel Trio*, solid jazz guitar; Nov. 28-Dec. 3: *Bill Stevenson Trio*, the star of CBC radio's *Ocean Limited* performs jazz. All dates subject to change. For information call Jazzline, 425-3331. Entertainment from 9 p.m. - 1 a.m.

**Teddy's:** Piano bar at Delta Barrington Hotel. To Nov. 19: John Owen; Nov. 21-Dec. 31: Jayline Kayle. Open Mon.-Sat., noon to 1:30 a.m. Happy hour 4:30 p.m. daily.  
**The Village Gate:** 534 Windmill Road, Dartmouth. Mostly rock bands.

**CITYSTYLE**

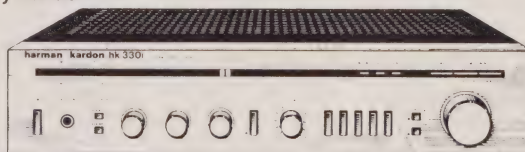
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## SPORTS

**Hockey** — American League. Nova Scotia Voyageurs play Baltimore, Nov. 2; New Haven, Nov. 4; Maine, Nov. 6; St. Catharines, Nov. 10; Binghamton, Nov. 13; Sherbrooke, Nov. 16; Moncton, Nov. 20. Metro Centre, all games 7:30 p.m. For ticket information call 421-8000. Maritime Triple A Midget League: Nov. 12 & 13, Forbes Chevys exhibition games; Nov. 19 & 20, Chevys vs Saint John. Dartmouth Sportsplex, 421-2600.

**Track & Field.** Nov. 11: Nova Scotia Cross-Country Championships. In Point Pleasant Park. Open to all ages. Beginning at 1 p.m. Call 425-5450 for more information.

**A Truck Pull,** Nov. 19: Tractor races and truck pulls. This national show swings east after a successful tour of the west. Time: 8 p.m.

## HANDCRAFTS

**Atlantic Spinners and Handweavers** hold their annual sale at Oakwood House, Crichton Ave., Dartmouth, Nov. 4-6. Items include sweaters, scarves, ties, stoles, bags, belts, towels and rugs. Short fashion show to be held Nov. 4. Sale hours: Nov. 4, 2-9 p.m.; Nov. 5, 9 a.m.-5 p.m.; Nov. 6, 11 a.m.-4 p.m.

**Dartmouth Handcrafters** sale at Dartmouth Sportsplex, Nov. 4-5. For information call 453-2424.

**Christmas at the Forum,** Nov. 17-20: Largest crafts and antiques market in eastern Canada. Halifax Forum. For information, call 425-5656.

**Nova Scotia Designer Craftsman: Annual Christmas market.** Nov. 24-27. Metro Centre, 421-8000.



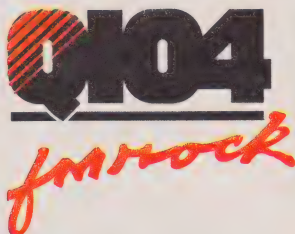
To Nov. 5: *Riser*; Nov. 7-12: *Mainstreet*; Nov. 14-19: *Southside*; Nov. 21-26: *Tense*; Nov. 28-Dec. 3: *Melvins*. Hours: Mon.-Wed., 10 a.m.-11 p.m.; Thurs.-Sat., 10 a.m.-12:30 a.m.

**The Network Lounge:** 1546 Dresden Row. To Nov. 5: *Gilt*; Nov. 7-12: *York Road*; Nov. 14: *Silk*; Nov. 21-26: *White Noise*. Hours: Mon.-Sat., until 2 a.m.

**Lord Nelson Beverage Room:** 5675 Spring Garden Road. Nov. 14-19: *McGinty*; Nov. 21-26: Terry Kelly; Nov. 28-Dec. 3: *Garrison Brothers*. Hours: Mon.-Wed., 11 a.m.-11 p.m.; Thurs.-Sat., 11 a.m.-12:30 a.m.

# NOVA SCOTIA'S NEWEST ROCK IS STARTING TO ROLL.

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# Spraying crime away

*Dartmouth police are sold on the controversial weapon mace as a crime-fighter. Others, including Halifax police, aren't so sure*

Armed with a butcher knife, the young Dartmouth man threatens anyone who dares come near. For half an hour, policemen keep him talking. Suddenly, he starts cutting his own arm, and then begins to run. A policeman grabs a weapon from his belt, takes aim, pulls the trigger. There is no gun blast, no flying bullet, no spilled blood. But the man drops the knife, falls to the ground and covers his face in agony. The police slap on a pair of handcuffs, wash his face and escort him to a waiting ambulance.

That incident, which took place in central Dartmouth last year, marked the first time city police had defused a potentially dangerous situation with an aerosol spray instead of a billy club or a gun. Now all 131 Dartmouth police officers carry canisters of mace, a type of tear gas that causes an intense burning sensation on exposed skin.

A few Canadian police forces began carrying mace in the mid-Seventies without much regard for legalities or safety. U.S. manufacturers had put mace on the market without testing it for possible harmful side-effects. In 1974, the Canadian government classified mace as a restricted weapon, banning its sale to the public but placing little control on how police get and use their supplies. Since then, the issue of chemical crime fighters has remained in a cloud of controversy and confusion.

The Halifax police force, Nova Scotia's largest, has

trained about 10 officers to use mace, but deputy chief Arthur Wyatt says the department doesn't expect to train more men or buy more canisters of the chemical. He says he's concerned about the high cost of equipping all 400 officers, and about safety. "We have to be careful we don't leave our officers, our department and our city open to liability," he says.

Dartmouth first considered mace as a standard issue weapon about five years ago, but dropped the idea, deputy police chief Keith Cole says. "At that time, mace had been used extensively by various police agencies in the U.S., but in Canada there was a negative attitude toward it. There was no concrete procedure to follow for using mace or what to do if a person was sprayed with it."

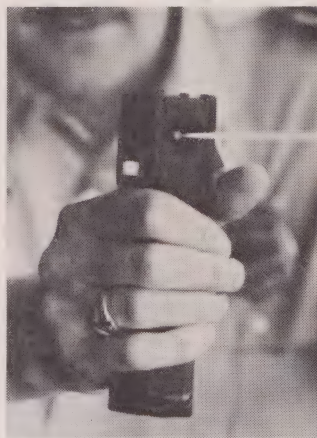
The Nova Scotia Police Commission initially adopted a hands-off policy toward the spray. "We discouraged the use of mace in the past... because we hadn't been convinced it could be used safely," says commission chairman Harry Porter. During the recent public inquiry into the Kentville, N.S., police department, Porter's fears surfaced. A town resident complained police had sprayed him in the face at point blank range a few years ago. He reported no serious side-effects, but the complaint showed what can happen when untrained people are allowed unrestricted use of mace.

But, as Dartmouth police discovered in 1980, relying on conventional weapons also carries risk. That summer, a man died two weeks after fighting two city officers, who later were charged with second-degree murder. A witness at the trial testified "blood was flying everywhere" during the brawl. One policeman was found guilty of manslaughter and received a three-year prison term; the other was acquitted.

Cole says that experience forced the department to take another look at mace. The next year, the Dartmouth force received \$20,000 from the city's police commission to do a mace study that involved a survey of police and

military agencies around the world. Ron Van Houten, a psychology professor at Mount Saint Vincent University in Halifax, sifted through the mass of technical and medical information collected. He decided that the weapon could be used effectively and with minimal risk provided police followed strict guidelines. "Basically, mace seems pretty safe," he says. "It causes pain without damage when used appropriately."

Aided by Dartmouth police officials, an RCMP weapons expert, a doctor and a university colleague, Van Houten wrote a 50-page training manual explaining the proper use of mace. Included are 11 rules, such as maintaining proper distance from the target, using



"Just another weapon"

only a single, short burst of spray, immediately handcuffing the mace victim and promptly decontaminating affected skin and eyes. The manual was followed up by eight hours of further instruction, discussion and target practice. Police learn to hold the spray canisters in their weaker hand so they can always reach a back-up weapon. Van Houten believes the most important lesson is knowing when to use the chemical. "For example, to quell a drunk, using mace is totally inappropriate. We teach police not to use the mace unless the person is dangerous and rushes you."

Van Houten worries that other police departments will issue mace without providing adequate instruction. "My view is anybody who uses these weapons should

know a lot about them. Imagine what would happen if people just handed out guns to policemen without giving any training or guidance."

At the request of police departments in such towns as Kentville, Wolfville and Stellarton, Dartmouth police instructors have given basic training in the correct use of mace to town constables. In North Sydney, the police chief ordered the return of all mace canisters previously issued to town officers until a formal training session could be arranged with the Dartmouth force.

Although provincial Attorney-General Harry How gave his blessing to Dartmouth's mace program, Nova Scotia is just considering chemical weapon regulations.

Dartmouth's deputy chief Cole says better control of mace is necessary. "It's now just another weapon used by police if the situation arises. We need to have direction. The attorney-general has to establish certain procedures, and the responsibility for continuing the research and training should come from the province." Several agencies — the RCMP, the Quebec police commission, the National Research Council, the federal Health Department — are using Dartmouth's initial research as a stepping-stone for further study.

Cole says Dartmouth citizens are benefiting by the decision to take mace into the streets. Violent crimes, especially assaults against police, and property damage cases have decreased since the chemical became standard issue: Defusing a rowdy situation before punches are thrown reduces injury and can minimize the number of charges laid. Cole says these savings by police, in medical and legal costs, are difficult to estimate but will prove considerable.

Police have to use discretion, he says, but just having the mace has "a tremendous psychological effect" on the force. "One constable went on patrol and forgot to take his mace. He came back to the station saying he felt naked without it."

—John Mason



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## Who's winning the war over Halifax's future?

By Rachelle Henderson

*Don't it always seem to go  
That you don't know what  
you've got 'til it's gone  
They paved paradise  
And put up a parking lot...*

*Joni Mitchell  
"Big Yellow Taxi"*

**T**o some citizens, it seems paving paradise is getting easier to do in Halifax.

Heritage and historical groups keep hounding city hall to maintain a tight rein

on development: They believe they must stop this 234-year-old Victorian city from becoming just another anonymous, steel-and-glass metropolis. City council says the city desperately needs the tax revenues new development brings in. And the battles between the pros and the cons often merely delay the inevitable pouring of concrete — and cost thousands of dollars in legal fees.

"There are some pretty crass developments proposed for this city," city historian Lou Collins says. "We're going to have these great phallic structures erected all over unless we develop a little urban humanism, some urban policies that say man is the measure of his environment instead of overwhelming him with massive buildings."

In the late Sixties, groups such as the 600-member Heritage Trust and the Committee of Concern persuaded city council to back off from plans to raze several blocks of decrepit buildings on the waterfront and lay down an expressway to the Cogswell Street interchange. The result is today the city's jewel, Historic Properties.

Ruffman: "Council has . . . no sensitivity to public input"

Now, with Halifax on the verge of what Collins sees as another growth phase, some citizens are trying to get the present council to stop what they consider to be wanton development.

They say council isn't listening. "This council and the one before it believe their role to be one of simply bringing in tax dollars," says Alan Ruffman, a geophysicist and development watchdog. "They would be quite content to see downtown Halifax look like downtown Calgary."

Council insists, however, that it aims for "responsible" development. "We're not on anybody's side, but it is fair to say that council is pro-development," says Alderman Randy Dewell, a member of the city's Planning Advisory Committee (PAC). "It is absolutely essential that we increase the tax base in the city."

Council's guide, as broker between developers and the public, is the 1978 Municipal Development Plan (MDP). The plan (recently renamed MD Strategy), determines zoning bylaws and was devised over four years by city staff, developers and citizens'

groups. With the adoption of several detailed area plans, the MDP, at first glance, seems to ensure that the city will keep in mind something of Collins' "urban humanism." To many critics, though, the plan, as Collins puts it, "is showing leaks." Naturally, it depends on who's doing the interpreting. "I can understand the concern shown about large-scale development near historic sites like the Public Gardens or the Citadel," says Dewell, "but the MDP is open to interpretation. Obviously the developer interprets it to his own ends, and some citizens interpret it to suit theirs."

In 1979, for instance, the city approved a Canterbury Investments Ltd. contract development proposal for the \$11-million Market Place Plaza (North American Life Centre) on the corner of Brunswick and George streets. Though the new project broke the zoning bylaw, council judged that it did not interfere with 1974 view planes from Citadel Hill and was consistent with the MDP's Central Business District schedule which governed the area. Heritage Trust and several other



groups and individuals appealed the decision to what was then the Provincial Planning Appeal Board, arguing, among other things, that it was unsuitable for a site so close to the Citadel, and did not meet the intent of the MDP. They lost the appeal and in 1981 took the case to the N.S. Supreme Court, which also ruled against them. Part of the dispute over the MDP's intent stems from the fact that in 1974, when council set up the view planes for the zoning bylaws of the area, it also instructed staff to further limit building heights on the east side of Brunswick Street to roughly that of the school board administration building, which Market Place Plaza exceeded. Though city hall staff drafted planning criteria for Brunswick Street, council has never adopted them.

Ruffman says council never will. "They're not inclined to pass that detailed plan. It's a dead document as far as the world is concerned. Citizens have put in immense amounts of energy by attending public meetings to work out this plan only to see it bastardized by a council that doesn't give a damn about it and has no sensitivity to public input."

The city, however, points out that construction of the Metro Centre and the World Trade Centre has outdated the draft plan, which is being reviewed by staff. The absence of such a plan for Brunswick Street means the area is covered only by the CBD. Because of this, Ruffman fears there's nothing to block ATC Properties Ltd. from building a \$30-million high-rise office and condominium on the corner of Brunswick and Sackville streets. Again, groups such as Heritage Trust and Friends of the Citadel are arguing that the project's 13- and 20-storey towers, while not intruding on any view plane, will interfere with the panoramic view of the harbor from the Citadel. "The rules are still the same as when the North American Life building was being considered, and that means you can approve almost anything

you want," Ruffman says. "When you have a council which is so willing to change the rules — because there are zoning rules which say there's height limits — when you have a council like that then there really are no rules."

It is this apparent disregard for the rules that council's critics feel most undermines the MDP. Last year, amid much controversy, the city extended the Central Business District boundary to accommodate two proposals for the Waterfront Development Area (HWDA). Before this, Ruffman had successfully appealed to the N.S. Municipal Appeal Board (formerly the PPAB) two proposals from Clarence Investments Ltd. (on behalf of Manufacturers Life Assurance of Toronto) for twin 16-storey office towers on the grounds they weren't "primarily residential" as required in the HWDA. Council had deferred a simultaneous proposal from Marine Towers Ltd. for another 16-storey building near the Clarence Investments site.

When the city then neatly expanded the Central Business District to include the two proposal sites, the Downtown Sub-Committee (which had opposed the change along with the PAC, the Downtown Residents Association and city staff) resigned *en masse*. In a letter to council, the committee explained its decision: "In the case of what remains the most critical geographical sub-area — Downtown Halifax — the impetus of both the current, in particular, and the previous city council has been directly away from public involvement and back to the politically discredited process of acting on narrowly personal perceptions and prejudices, even to the point of ignoring, or not bothering to ask for, the advice of the city's professional planning staff." The letter then stressed the need for detailed plans for the CBD and waterfront, but added, "Those plans are not created to be ignored, nor are they to be drastically altered, particularly without

public involvement."

Alderman Gerald O'Malley, for one, is not the least bit apologetic that council might not be playing cricket with the MDP. In a city where revenue growth has been falling 5% to 7% short of the inflation rate for the past five years, he says, economics must take priority over esthetics. "In this day and age, if we build within the constraints of the present MDP, we have no way of knowing if we can generate enough revenue to support the city's needs. I'm interested in living in a beautiful city, sure, but I'm also interested in lowering taxes so my constituents can afford to put food on the table, can send their kids to university and also have adequate police and fire protection. These things have to be paid for."

But nobody can rake in extra revenue from projects that aren't being built. Doris Maley, a former alderman and deputy mayor, says council's haste to approve nearly all proposals only encourages land speculation. In fact, a 1982 staff report, advising council against expanding the CBD, seems to suggest as much. "It is highly probable that many more applications will be made for commercial developments... than are actually needed or will eventually get built. [Approving these projects] is liable to put the city at a serious disadvantage, in that it will no longer be in control of the orderly development of its downtown." (Council has since put timetables in its development contracts.)

About 1.8 million square feet of office space is now approved in Halifax, mostly downtown. According to the same staff report, demand for new office space will likely not exceed 200,000 square feet per year for the next 10 years, including whatever an oil "boom" would require. A glut of space also discourages renovation of buildings more suitable for Halifax. About 2.2 million square feet of office space could be created from existing buildings in the CBD.

"Council has a very nar-

row view of what real development is in terms of creating jobs," says Ruffman. "I don't think they understand that Historic Properties, Province House, the RCMP building and renovated Prince-Hollis Street buildings are equally as important in generating jobs — tourist jobs — as is the building, say, they want to put on the waterfront."

Those who oppose certain developments in Halifax are quick to explain they are not anti-development. They claim they only want to see the city grow without destroying itself. For example, United Equities Ltd.'s \$35-million high-rise condominium project at Spring Garden Road and Summer Street can be altered to suit the surroundings, says the Friends of the Public Gardens. The PAC is now studying United Equities' request to change the MDP to suit the project. It would mean destroying the 84-year-old Hart House and the Victorian streetscape along Summer Street. Unlike zoning bylaws, MDP amendments cannot be appealed.

Dewell concedes that changes to the plan are sometimes unfair to those who expected their neighborhoods to develop only along lines laid down in the MDP. "We have to set rules so developers will know what they can do with a piece of land and so people will know what can be done to their neighborhood. But when the rules are changed in the middle of the game, I have to disagree with it, sure. At the same time, the MDP is not something etched in stone. In all games, when the rules are changed, it's to make the game easier, better."

Better, in this game, for the steamrollers. **C**

## CORRECTION

In an article on Eileen Stubbs in the August *CityStyle*, Mayor Dan Brownlow was incorrectly described as having "barely a year's experience in municipal politics" before becoming mayor. We apologize to Mayor Brownlow, who served for 11 years as alderman.



# The political education of Stormin' Norman

*Since his early years on Dartmouth city council, Norman Crawford has acquired a calmer style — and a taste for the mayor's job*

Everything about Norman Crawford is big, from his booming Irish voice to the blue Cadillac he drives around town. A shade over six feet tall, with a barrel chest, meaty hands and a big grin, he looks and sounds more like an exuberant Irish cop than a professional politician. But his shadow at Dartmouth city hall is as imposing as his physical stature. After getting elected as alderman for a third term in October, 1982, he was appointed deputy mayor. Then, when Mayor Dan Brownlow was off sick last summer, Crawford filled in and served on such high-profile bodies as the bus commission and regional government and downtown development committees. Now, this 52-year-old Mountie-turned-flower-seller-turned-politician — the man they call Stormin' Norman — has his sights set on even bigger things.

Crawford, who earned his nickname because of his frequent outbursts during council meetings, says the added responsibilities of the past year have forced him to grow up in the job. "Being in the mayor's chair gives you a different insight. I try now to see both sides of an issue. It's like becoming a professional. I felt I was an amateur and a rookie when I was starting. I like to think I've become more polished in my actions."

Some say Stormin' Norman's present mellowness is a little forced. "He has certainly toned down," says businessman and former alderman Don Valardo. "Crawford's exposure to the deputy mayorship has had a maturing effect on him. He's still a boisterous fellow. We used to lock horns all the time during meetings. He'd just get up and start talking and I'd start arguing with him. He liked to make a lot of noise and get totally carried away with himself."

Crawford says his tirades, effective at the time, came from a sense of frustration with the system. "I can get a lot more things done now because of my experience at city hall than before, when I had that strident voice."

His previous career, he says, was a "tremendous background" for political life. "After 20 years, you develop a very inquiring mind and a thick skin." Born near Belfast, Northern Ireland, he came to Canada in 1952 expressly to join the RCMP. The first year, while waiting for the Mounties to accept him into the force, he worked as a laborer at a power station in Niagara Falls, Ont.

"I was lonely when I came, since all my family was in the U.K., and the RCMP became almost a family to me. I never regretted it. Canada has been extremely good to me. I'm 1,000% better off than if I'd stayed home."

He recalls being "a very successful investigator" with the force, helping convict murderers in crimes that occurred in Texas, Florida and New Brunswick. When he joined the Mounties, he became heavyweight boxing champion of the force's 1953 recruits. Later, he acted as bodyguard for such luminaries as the Queen Mother and former U.S. president Lyndon Johnson. For a time, he headed the regional narcotics section, first in Moncton, and then in Halifax.

When he visited Dartmouth for the first time in 1972, it was love at first sight. The location, the buildings, the people, even

the accents reminded him of small cities in Britain. He decided to pack in his guns, take out his RCMP sergeant's pension and settle down with a flower and gift shop on Portland Street. "After 20 years of living with crime — people shooting at you, investigating murders — people didn't think I'd turn around and sell flowers," he says, laughing.

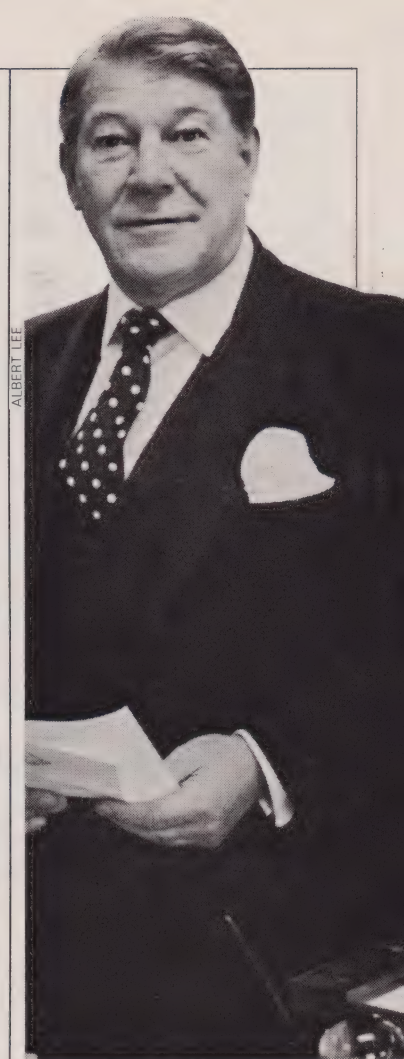
After four years in business — during which time he married a nurse — he was eager to return to public service. Two years after he won his first alderman's seat, the then premier Gerald Regan offered him a cabinet post if he could unseat the incumbent Tory, former Dartmouth mayor Rollie Thornhill.

Crawford lost, and so did his party. The defeat left him unimpressed with provincial party politics. "You get the feeling that you're not master of your own destiny. I like to do things my own way. I never felt badly about losing that election. It got me better known."

The next year, he won his biggest majority ever in the 1979 municipal election. And, although he's been tempted since then to try provincial and federal politics, he vows he'll stick to the municipal scene. In fact, he's so devoted to the job, he sold his business in 1980 to give himself more time for council and constituency duties, and became Dartmouth's only full-time alderman.

More civic politicians should follow his example, he says. To make that happen, and attract better qualified candidates, he says, the alderman's basic annual salary of \$11,395 should increase substantially. "Dedication is great, but it doesn't put food on the table," he says. "People expect politicians to dress well, have a good house and drive a good car. You must look the part. I drive a Cadillac, but when I go to a meeting or do some city business, I still have to pay bridge tokens and gas. And that comes out of my \$12,000 salary."

Another expense from



Stormin' Norman Crawford

his pocket is his array of pinstriped suits, velvet-collared overcoats and dinner jackets — a wardrobe that prompts Valardo to observe: "It's strictly an image thing. If he was defeated, his lifestyle would change dramatically."

Crawford is already campaigning for the next election in two years' time, gunning for more paved sidewalks, better bus service, more industry, stable taxes. Mayor Brownlow isn't expected to run in 1985, and Crawford is aiming for the mayor's \$36,600 job. "I'll be taking a crack at it if Mayor Brownlow decides to step down," he says.

Crawford says he wants the top job so that he can help ensure that Nova Scotia's second-largest city isn't seen as just a bedroom community for Halifax. That shouldn't be hard. With Stormin' Norman in command, Dartmouth would be anything but sleepy.

—John Mason



# Growing pains at a saucy little daily

**T**he *Daily News*, Nova Scotia's little paper that could — and did — is at a crossroads. Again.

Almost nine years after the feisty little tabloid began publishing out of the basement of journalist David Bentley's Sackville home, the newspaper's incredible growth from small suburban weekly to substantial urban daily finally appears to have stalled, perhaps permanently, well short of its unspoken goal of unseating the comfortable Halifax *Chronicle-Herald* and *Mail-Star* as the city's most-read newspaper.

The success of the *News*' populist mix of murder, mayhem and monarchy did force the fusty *Herald* into improving its own crime and court coverage and gave it a competitive reason for publishing two new magazine-style weekly supplements in the past 18 months. But the *Daily News* still hasn't been able to nudge its own circulation beyond a respectable but unspectacular 20,000 sales a day. (The *Mail-Star* sells 49,000.)

To complicate matters, Patrick and Joyce Sims, two of the four original owners, want to sell their substantial minority interest in the paper and have stopped playing any active role in its operations. Patrick had run the paper's circulation department; Joyce looked after advertising.

With the paper's fourth partner, general manager Diana Bentley (David's wife), now a full-time university student, David Bentley has to run the two-location, 100-employee operation's entire editorial, business, circulation and advertising departments by himself.

"With David, the paper has always been part obsession, part livelihood," says a friend. "Now it's all obsession."

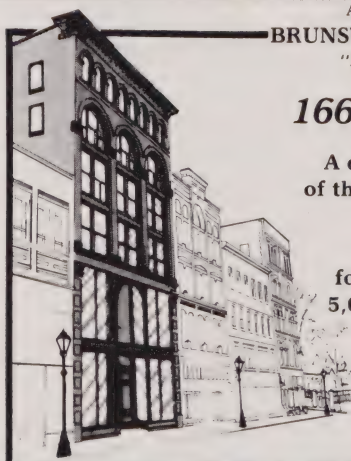
The *Daily News* wouldn't exist if it weren't for Bentley, a talented, hard-driving reporter who made the usual journalist's dream of owning a newspaper actually come true by creating the iconoclastic mix of scandal, crime and local boosterism that has been *The Daily News*' trademark from the beginning.

"I knew from experience people like to read about other people," Bentley has said of his newspaper's simple formula. "People get most of their ordinary news from TV and radio now, [so] a paper has to give them something different, something they feel is their own."

"He's a genius," says one admiring *Daily News* reporter. But another adds: "I find him very hard to figure out. In many ways, he has this typical small business outlook on the world — he's very much a free enterpriser — but he lets his reporters have their head because he's never really lost his own reporter's delight in being the bad boy, in going around upsetting everyone."

That, suggests the reporter, is really why the *Daily News* has refused to join the recently formed Atlantic Press Council and also why it ran its controversial report of Prince Charles and Princess Diana's Nova Scotia visit this summer. (The paper earned a rebuke from the palace for directly quoting Diana's seemingly innocuous comments during an off-the-record reception for reporters.)

The day before that story appeared, the reporter points out, the *Daily News* ran an interview with one of the Fleet Street reporters covering the tour and quoted him saying a member of the Royal Family drank bathtubs of gin. "But the quote was buried instead of



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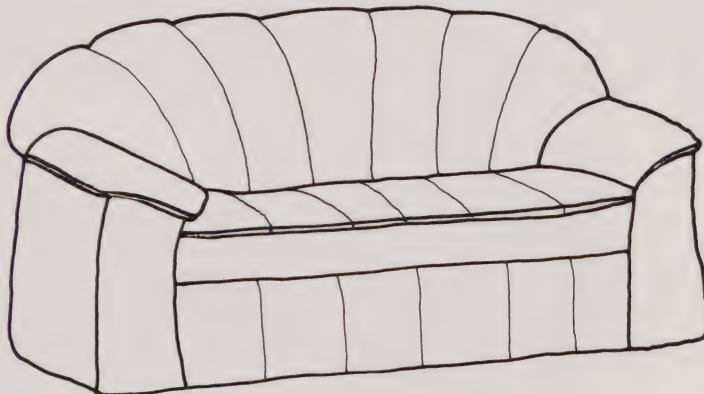
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in the lead. I think David was embarrassed by that, and he felt he had to show those British reporters what he really could do. He did."

British-born Bentley, 40, began his own journalistic apprenticeship after dropping out of high school at 17. He worked for a number of English regional weeklies and dailies before immigrating to Canada in the late 1960s as one of a number of British journalists recruited to work at the *Halifax Herald*.

After a short stint with the *Financial Post* in Toronto, Bentley returned to Halifax in 1970 and launched his own paper, *Fleur*, a weekly tabloid aimed at women and delivered free to city residents. It was a dismal failure that gobbled up Bentley's entire life savings.

He quickly returned to the security of the *Herald* after that misadventure — he was the paper's Port Hawkesbury reporter for four years during the height of the development boom at the Strait of Canso. But he never totally abandoned the idea of owning his own small weekly paper.

Eventually, he persuaded Patrick Sims, a boyhood chum then selling real estate in Australia, to move to Canada and become his business partner in a weekly newspaper venture in Halifax's rapidly growing suburbs. Initially, Bentley told one interviewer, Sims thought the idea was "dumb. We argued back and forth about it for

a few months, then we were sort of talking it over and then the next thing I knew, Pat wrote that his wife, Joyce, had relatives in Ontario and they would come give Canada a try."

The two couples bought a duplex in Sackville in 1975, put together \$5,000 in cash and began publishing *The Bedford-Sackville News* (popularly known at the time as "The B-S News") from their house in violation of local zoning regulations.

The paper's determined parochialism (when Gerald Regan was rumored to be considering running for Parliament in 1979, the newspaper's headline only identified him as a Bedford resident) earned it a small (6,000 to 9,000) but loyal local audience every week.

That modest success, coupled with hard work, eventually enabled the Bentley-Sims team to buy their own building and printing operation, then switch to daily publication in 1979.

Initially, Bentley carefully told anyone who asked that the *Daily News* was quite happy just being Bedford-Sackville's daily, thanks all the same, and that it had no intention of horning in on *Herald* turf.

In September, 1981, however, it began publishing a Halifax edition.

"We've been beating the *Halifax Herald* in Bedford-Sackville for two years," Sims explained at the time. "I see no reason why we can't do the same thing in Halifax and Dart-

mouth." Added Bentley: "We would have been happy just to succeed with a weekly paper for the Bedford-Sackville area, but once you've got the moon, you shoot for something else."

That something else has proved elusive. The paper has scored some notable journalistic successes, including winning awards for its coverage of the James Odo murder trial and a controversial apartment fire in Herring Cove. But even its supporters admit the paper's quality is still uneven. "One day, it'll have this good story, be raising issues and acting like a newspaper with guts," says a reporter, "then for the next two or three days it'll be running stories about the oldest cat in Halifax on the front page."

And the paper has stopped growing. To goose its circulation and improve the editorial product, the *News* could use an influx of cash. But that doesn't appear likely.

While industrialist R. B. Cameron did try to add the paper to his growing chain last year, the two sides couldn't strike a deal. And there have been few nibbles for the Simses' 45% share since then.

The next step for Nova Scotia's own little paper that could isn't yet clear. But it's already proven one point: Halifax always was a more interesting place than the *Halifax Herald* would have us believe.

—Stephen Kimber

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PROMOTIONAL SPECIAL

# CANADIAN FASHION

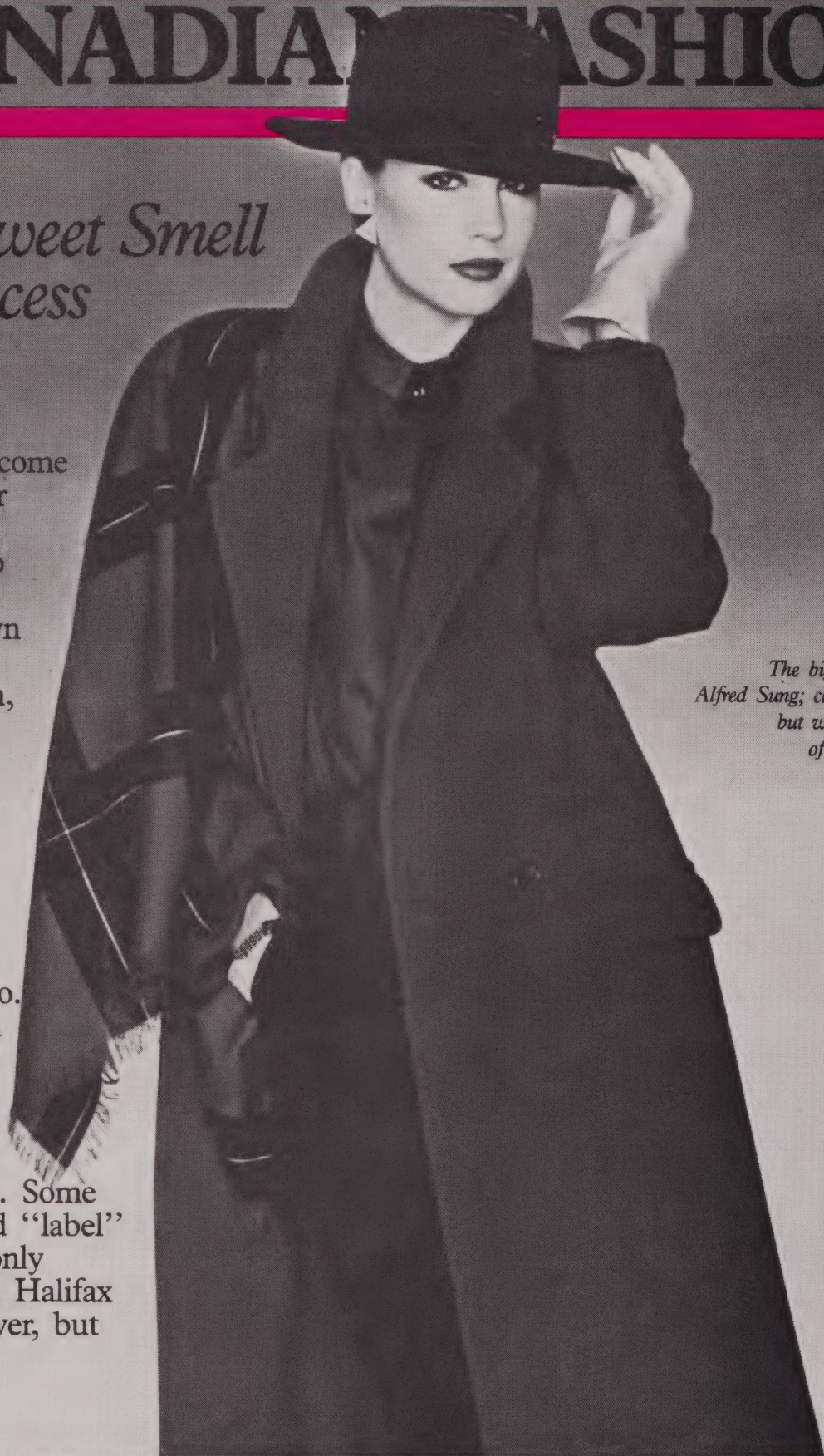
## *The Sweet Smell of Success*

Canadian fashion has come of age. After years of struggling to make their names known and their clothes worn, Canadian fashion designers are, at last, getting the recognition they crave.

And, deservedly so.

Canadian designer names are no longer only "home grown" fare. Some have reached "label" status, not only in Montreal, Halifax and Vancouver, but

*The big coat from Alfred Sung; classic, clean but with the chic of bright red.*

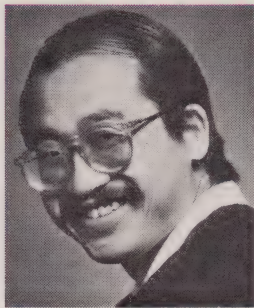


CITYSTYLE



PROMOTIONAL SPECIAL

## CANADIAN FASHION



Sporty sophistication from Alfred Sung (above). Plaid blazer and black skirt, sparked with bright red gloves.

in New York and Chicago as well.

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What stands out in Fall '83 is the wearability of the clothes — the appeal is one of grown-up chic; chic with a sportswear influence that is based on a truly North American point of view. An overview of worldwide fashion trends point to two distinct directions. One is a sporty yet polished look that fits into the



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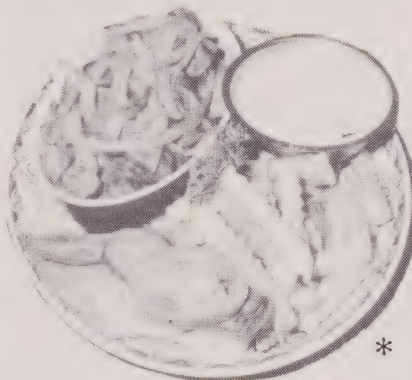
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PROMOTIONAL SPECIAL

## CANADIAN FASHION



The long story from Simon Chang: 100% wool crepe skirt with multi-tucking at hip; long sweater with drawstring waist in pseudo cashmere; topped off with big coat in solid mohair — reversible to striped cotton.

Canadian way of thinking perfectly; the other is the eccentric, experimental look epitomized by layers of free-flowing rags and tatters designed by Japanese creators like Issey Miyake and Comme des Garçons.

While one cannot discount the influence of the Japanese look, it is not one of worldwide appeal, or salability.

The direction most of the world loves, and is wearing, is that of sophisticated sportswear. This seemingly casual approach to design is deceptive, however. It's casual, yes; but carefully thought out and put together with a special chic that has universal appeal. It's slim yet layered. It's knits. It's body conscious without being tight. It's ideal for a modern lifestyle.

This sportswear orientation can be seen across the board; not only in Canadian and American collections but in European groupings as well. Witness Yves Saint Laurent's sophisticated sportswear — grey flannel pants, easy blazers and soft shirts — all sparked with YSL's special flair for accessories. In the U.S., one of the hottest collections for 1983 is Ralph Lauren's country lifestyle clothes, winning him rave reviews and big sales. And in Canada, the casual yet chic approach of classic designer Alfred Sung has caused him to be hailed "The New King of Fashion" by *Maclean's* magazine in a recent cover story.

Sung and other Canadian designers, like Simon Chang, Michel Robichaud, Marilyn Brooks and Pat McDonagh, base their collections on the woman who has little time for contrived "dress up" looks. The shapes are relaxed. This new narrowness is never tight; the cinched waist has all but disappeared. The





On the same wavelength. The black chemise, shot with color. Left, two versions from Debora Kuchme; right, Simon Chang.

striking difference is the over-all silhouette. A widening at the shoulder marks a major departure from past seasons but it's not exaggerated or over-padded. Detail, slight rounding or squaring off marks the shoulder line which then narrows down to a slim hemline.

Emerging from this narrow look is a looser silhouette as well. The chemise dress, wide tent-like coats, easy-fitting pants all point the way to a more casual look.

Hemlines have taken a casual approach to fashion as well — they just don't matter any more. It's the proportion that counts. Whatever suits the styling and the wearer is correct. Suits seem to be staying around the knee but the new fuller skirts usually drop to mid-calf and more, especially when worn with waist-cropped sweaters and jackets. The rule of thumb — short on top, longer in the skirt and vice versa.

The big exception is evening wear. Here, short is best and the shorter, the better. The little black cocktail dress is back and it's showing off color-keyed legs like never before.

That's not to say that long is "out." Elegant evening wear that is truly unique knows no season and no rules. Wayne Clark, Canada's master when it comes to glamor dressing, has opted for the long look for 1983, and his Aztec-inspired looks signal a panache that hasn't been seen in years. Ditto, Pat McDonagh with her sinuous slinks of pleated silver for evening.

This year, along with the classic approach to styling, color is downplayed. It's almost sombre, with black and grey vying for Number One spot. The dull colorings, however, are sparked with brights via detail and accessories. Take Debora Kuchme's day dresses sporting a wedge of bright color cutting through a solid black chemise or Alfred Sung's fire engine red or cobalt blue gloves paired with classic beige suits.

The real test of a truly fashionable season is its knits, and 1983 is THE year of the sweater. From little pull-overs under long cardigans to cosy knit coats and diamond-studded knit evening sweaters, knits are important to every collection on both sides of the Atlantic. Twin sets, man-style car-

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## CANADIAN FASHION



Michel Robichaud's classic suits complete with matching capes.

digans, crewneck shorties in every combination of knit and purl add to the sporty feeling of 1983. The best "blouse" one can own for Fall is knit — as well as the best coat.

While the sporty influence could well signal the death knell for accessories and jewelry, the opposite has happened. The designers see jewelry

as the way to add elegance to what could otherwise become a sloppy look. Oversize earrings, lots of necklaces and beads and rows of bangles are the way to dress up your look, say the designers. And color adds whimsy when seen on legs, or on hands, or on heads. Pantyhose, gloves and hats add that special touch.



All-out glamor from Wayne Clark.



Cover-up from Marilyn Brooks . . . the fall cape in double in faced wool.

## What's in a name?

**M**ore and more, it seems. Designer labels on clothes sell, and sell well.

The rapid rise of Alfred Sung to star status here and in the U.S. (four short years ago, he was a boutique owner/designer) truly testifies to the fact that marketing a designer name as a status label is the way to go.

One of the first Canadian designers to market his name, Montrealer

Michel Robichaud, now has his signature on everything from ladies' pantyhose to men's shirts to bathing suits.

Alfred Sung of the Toronto-based Monaco Group had the marketing chutzpah of brothers Joseph and Saul Mimran behind him when he launched his collection in New York last year, and 1983 sales are projected to hit the \$30-million mark.

Following suit now is Montreal's Simon Chang, recently in business for

himself and already signing hats and belts as well as his own ready-to-wear.

Status obviously sells, in Halifax as well as New York and Toronto. These and other Canadian designers are well represented in the Metro area.

For more information on where to contact the featured Canadian designers, please write: *Atlantic Insight*, 1656 Barrington St., Halifax, Nova Scotia B3J 2A2  
Attention: Jack Daley, Publisher.

**CITYSTYLE**



# The running doctor heads for L.A.

*Bill Stanish, the man in charge of keeping Canada's Olympic team in top shape, is an old hand at sports — and international athletic events*

Bill Stanish loves sports, but he won't see many athletic events when he goes to Los Angeles next July for the Olympic Games. He'll be too busy in the medical clinic, trying to keep Canada's 350-member Olympic team in top shape. In fact, as chief medical officer for the Canadian team, he's responsible for the health care of the entire 600-member delegation. Does it sound like a glamorous job? Stanish says it isn't. "You might think it's great to do massages on a team of 14 to 16 athletes," he says, "but it's exhausting."

Stanish, a fit, youthful 39-year-old, is a busy Halifax orthopedic surgeon and director of the Nova Scotia Sport Medicine Clinic. He got his Olympics job in the spring. The Sport Medicine Council of Canada had received hundreds of applications for the position but forwarded only his name to the Canadian Olympic Committee.

Stanish is an old hand at international athletic contests. He served as a medical officer at the 1976 Montreal Olympics and at the 1979 Pan-American Games in Puerto Rico. As team physician for the Canadian water polo team, he travelled to Romania, Bulgaria and Ecuador. And he's consultant to the national boxing and gymnastics teams.

He and the other members of the Olympic medical team

— about 14 doctors, nurses and physiotherapists — receive no salary. Instead, they get what he calls "a small stipend" (he won't say how much). The payoff at events such as this, he says, is supposed to be "the lustre of working with world-class athletes and a world-class organization." For him, at least, that lustre is wearing off. He's happy seeing patients and doing research at the sport medicine clinic and running his own practice. And, of course, taking part in a few sporting events of his own.

His office and home are in a fine, old South End building on Robie Street, a few blocks from the sport medicine clinic. In the waiting room, among the medical journals, are books on squash, tennis and golf and copies of the magazine *Canadian Runner*. Stanish is an enthusiastic runner — six miles a day during the week, 10 to 12 on Sundays — and he also plays golf, squash and hockey. He once considered a professional career in hockey; he was twice named athlete of the year at Dalhousie University, and he served as captain of the varsity hockey and football team.

Stanish returned to Halifax eight years ago with his wife, Carol, and their two daughters, Heidi, 12, and Gretel, 13, after studying in Boston and setting up orthopedic training facilities at the University of the West Indies in Kingston, Jamaica. In Boston, he first saw a sport medicine clinic in action — a treatment centre for sport-related injuries — and decided to start something similar in Halifax. "It was natural to have something happen where I was," he says.

Over the years, the clinic has grown from a small facility in a Halifax hospital to a nationally recognized clinic with a physiotherapy department and a fitness and treatment centre, a staff of 15 and a full-time research team. The clinic gets requests from all over the world for its research papers. Medical staff see about 100 patients a day — everyone from the Sunday jogger to the elite athlete.

When Stanish was in medical school, he says, the

level of knowledge in sport medicine was "very primitive." Even today, many doctors are uncomfortable with sports injuries. Many would rather attend a seminar on, say, cardiology than on sport medicine. But that's beginning to change. "The public is saying, 'We want this kind of care,'" Stanish says.

And countries such as Canada have made great strides in the sport medicine field, he says. Many of Canada's national teams for the Olympics train together, often at universities with sport medicine facilities. The idea that these facilities are an integral part of athletic training is still "very novel," he says, but obviously gaining acceptance. People now are seeing sport medicine as an important investment.

At Los Angeles, Canadians will see whether it's a

sound investment. Canada's well-equipped clinic (Stanish expects it will cost hundreds of thousands of dollars just to transport medical equipment to Los Angeles) will probably attract observers from other delegations, as well as Canadian athletes seeking help for medical problems. During the Olympics — the Games take place for 17 days, although Stanish will be in Los Angeles about a month — he'll start his day early, meeting other Canadian officials to discuss problems or potential problems — perhaps the volleyball team has come down with diarrhoea, for example, or the delegation is worried about the city's "scandalously high" pollution levels. Afterward, Stanish will meet his medical team over breakfast to plan the day. "We have to make sure that the high-injury-risk teams are well covered," he says.

Los Angeles may pose

some unusual problems. It's one of the most polluted cities in the United States, and in July, the month of the Games, air pollution may be at its worst. It's hard to predict what effect this will have on athletes, but Stanish is concerned about it, especially in the case of the most susceptible group, the long-distance runners. "It's my ambition to have a chest physician on my team," he says.

He's also worried about crime and the possibility of team members getting injured on the streets. And there's the nasty question of drugs. The position of the Olympics on such drugs as anabolic steroids and energizers is clear (they're outlawed), but organizers also are questioning the use of substances such as caffeine. As Canada's chief medical officer, Stanish will have some



Stanish once considered a hockey career

say on all these issues. "I can pass comments on subjects from caffeine to environmental conditions," he says.

His main function, though, will be to direct the clinic that he expects will become a bit like a drop-in centre for athletes on the Canadian team. "A lot of them are under a great deal of stress," he observes. As a sometime-competitive athlete, Stanish understands that kind of pressure. So he'll be able to empathize with the Canadian delegation — even if he never gets to see them perform. — Roma Senn



# Return of the man who stole Michelin

*Bob Manuge once lured the tire company away from Quebec to N.S. Now he's back in La Belle Province, flogging powder and paint*

By Harry Bruce

**R**obert Manuge, once Nova Scotia's fast-talking, high-flying globe-trotting industrial super-salesman, has recently talked, flown and trotted his way out of Halifax, where he's lived for 21 years, and right back to Montreal, where his old career began and where now, at 62, he is plunging like a hustler half his age into a new one. (Manuge owns one of Atlantic Canada's leading commercial art galleries.) Manuge, who has always excelled at putting a glowing face on things, has bought himself a substantial cosmetics industry in Pointe Claire, Que. Those who care deeply about lipstick, lip gloss, rouge, eyeshadow, cleansing cream, nail polish, suntan lotions and the brushes and pencils women also use to improve what Nature has bequeathed them, will recognize the name of the outfit he's bought. It's Audrey Morris Cosmetics Ltd.

Manuge is a classic "driven man." The 14th of 15 children of a sometimes impoverished lumber dealer in Cumberland County, N.S., he loathed his childhood and, as soon as he'd kicked the manure off his feet, began to move up in the transportation business, first with CNR in Amherst and Halifax, next with Air Canada's freight operations in Montreal. He



PHOTOS BY DON ROBINSON

After eight years as an art gallery owner, Manuge is switching to a career in cosmetics

then joined Hussman Refrigeration Co. Ltd., also in Montreal, which sold coolers to supermarkets. His performance with Hussman so impressed supermarket tycoon Frank Sobey in 1961 that Sobey, president of the provincial corporation Industrial Estates Ltd., hired him as IEL's manager. "If Frank had done nothing else than bring in Bob Manuge he'd have justified his existence at IEL," E.A. Manson, a cabinet minister at the time, recalled two decades later. "Manuge was the best salesman I ever heard."

He had the bland features and slicked-back hair of a Grade B movie star, but there was nothing bland about his manner. No politician was better at pressing the flesh. His elaborate courtesy camouflaged a zeal to make you see things exactly as he wanted you to see them. He was effective in private, effective in public, and as he lured industry after industry to Nova Scotia, the press raved about him. As early as 1964, the *Halifax Chronicle-Herald* gushed, "If the Ajax Walnut Company of the Falkland Islands wanted him personally to discuss a new industry for Nova Scotia on Christmas Eve, he would probably be there!... He is probably thinking about machine tools when he brushes his teeth and wallpaper factories when he is munching corn flakes

.... he goes and goes." Sobey liked him because he was a self-starting work addict and "knew how to handle himself with heads of companies."

Manuge's most sensational IEL coup was persuading Michelin Tire of France to establish its North American beachhead in Nova Scotia in 1969. No less a figure than President Charles De Gaulle wanted Michelin to build plants in Quebec, but it was the suave, glad-handing Manuge who prevailed. He appreciates the flattering ironies in his life, and happily offers, "Isn't it fascinating that I, the man who stole Michelin from Quebec, am now returning to La Belle Province? Some people, I assure you, find that very interesting indeed .... I spent the first decade of my business career in transportation, the second decade in food, the third in industrial promotion, the fourth in art, and now I'm entering the fifth decade in cosmetics. Who'd have ever guessed I'd do that?" And who'd have ever guessed how he'd come to hear about Audrey Morris Cosmetics?

Just last spring, his daughter, Marianne, 23, was flying home from the Bahamas, where the Manuges own a cottage, and struck up a conversation with her seatmate during the hop to Fort Lauderdale, Fla. He happened to be

Wayne Morris and, along with his mother, Audrey, owned Audrey Morris Cosmetics. There's also an Audrey Morris Cosmetics International, based in Fort Lauderdale, but what young Marianne gathered from youngish Wayne was that it was the Canadian operation that might be up for sale. She told her father, and by June he'd not only already corralled other investors but was also whipping up to Montreal for dickering sessions with mother and son. The deal closed in mid-September. The price? Manuge won't say. Nor will he disclose the firm's current volume of sales, except to allow, "It's in the millions."

To Manuge, there's another satisfying irony in all this. One legend about him during his glory days at IEL was that he got industries to settle in Nova Scotia by hooking big businessmen in the first-class sections of jet aircraft. Now, his daughter finds him an industry by talking with a businessman in a jet aircraft. "Like father, like daughter, eh?" he says. So he put her on the board of the cosmetics firm. "I felt that was the only tribute I could pay her at the moment." Manuge is the new president and chief executive officer of the outfit, but Audrey Morris remains as chairman of the board, and Wayne Morris is still a vice-president. Manuge's wife, Elizabeth, is the new



secretary-treasurer.

The board's other fresh faces, presumably cosmetics-free, are those of Donald Sobey, son of Frank; David Hennigar, Halifax stockbroker and nephew of Hantsport industrialist John Jodrey; and Lord David Garnock, the British carpet magnate whose role in the establishment of the Crossley Karastan carpet mill in Truro was part of an IEL triumph during the Sobey-Manuge era. Sobey-Jodrey investment co-operation is a familiar story in Nova Scotia, but it's Manuge who'll run the cosmetics company. It's his management ability and promotional flair that Garnock, the Sobey and Hennigar are betting on. They've got 49% of Audrey Morris Cosmetics Ltd. He's got the controlling 51%.

"I really have to perform now, don't I?" he says. Nothing in his manner suggests it has ever crossed his mind there's even the remotest chance he'll fail to perform. "They [the Morrises] wanted to bring in promotional, financial and administrative expertise," he continues. "They'd not had much success with their corporate image, and they wanted someone to take them into the big time. Do you object to that phrase? The big time? In any event, that's where I fit in." He'll also fit in on the board of Audrey Morris Cosmetics International in Fort Lauderdale, and incidentally that'll give him a business reason for regularly getting close to the pleasure of the house in the Bahamas.

Audrey Morris herself is as legendary a figure in the Canadian beauty biz as Manuge once was in the industrial-promotion biz. She parlayed a career as a model into a career as the proprietor of a modelling agency and school, into a career as a manufacturer, developer and distributor of her own line of cosmetics and skin treatments. By 1980, you could buy stuff bearing the Audrey Morris label at more than 500 outlets in Canada, and also at shops in the United States, Hong Kong and

Australia. She was eyeing markets in Europe, the Caribbean and South America. In Quebec, she'd opened a string of boutiques where women could get facials, makeup lessons and eyebrow-shapings, and could also have their ears pierced, and their lips, chins and legs waxed. *Cosmetics* magazine (not entirely unbiased, it's true) called her "a creative dynamo" who has been "synonymous with beauty and elegance for over 30 years and ... has built a cosmetics empire that is truly a Canadian success story."

*Cosmetics* also said she'd been working 12-hour days, seven days a week, "for just about as long as anyone can remember." If that's true, she and Manuge will understand one another. At IEL, his working day normally started around sun-up and, if he's going to do for Audrey Morris Cosmetics what he hopes to do, he'll once again be on the job before most people's alarm clocks have rung. For, impressive though the firm may be, it is still a minnow among whales. The cosmetics industry is ferociously competitive, and dominated by such giants as Revlon, Estée Lauder, and direct-selling empires such as Avon Products and Mary Kay Cosmetics. Manuge's challenge is to muscle in on the biggies. "The business has fantastic potential," he says. "This is a \$3-billion industry. ... We hope to blaze our trail through an expansion of our boutiques."

Meanwhile, what happens to Manuge Galleries Ltd., which snuggles so conveniently against the Halifax Club in an 18th-century building on Hollis Street? An art collector ever since his youth in Montreal, Manuge opened the shop eight years ago, but thanks to the 1981 budget of former Finance minister Allan MacEachen, business suddenly plummeted. The feds' rapacity for tax revenue had inspired MacEachen to cancel certain tax deductions for Canadian art that

businesses bought. Sales at Manuge Galleries dropped 60%. Manuge did two things: He lobbied furiously to have the deductions restored, and began to look around for another business to run. With respect to his lobbying, Arnold Edinborough wrote in the *Financial Post*, "Bob Manuge is a trim, elegant, silver-haired, 60-ish man-about-the-Maritimes. But beneath his three-piece, buttoned-down suavity there is a tough, fighting entrepreneurial spirit."

Manuge wasn't the only art dealer who raged over the MacEachen budget, but he was the most effective. Last May, Marc Lalonde, MacEachen's successor as Finance minister, not only restored the deductions and clarified the rules governing them but also wrote to Manuge to acknowledge that "your representations have been instrumental in the development of the rules so passed." (Manuge incidentally, is decidedly not a

Liberal.) Sales at Manuge Galleries immediately bounced back, and he hired Sherrill Harrison, a capable and personable woman with a background in the magazine industry, to run the shop. Meanwhile, his daughter had tipped him off about the cosmetics opportunity. He therefore has his thriving old business, and his exciting new business. The summer was among the most gratifying of his life and in mid-September when he was already spending three days a week at Audrey Morris Cosmetics, he was the quintessence of peppiness.

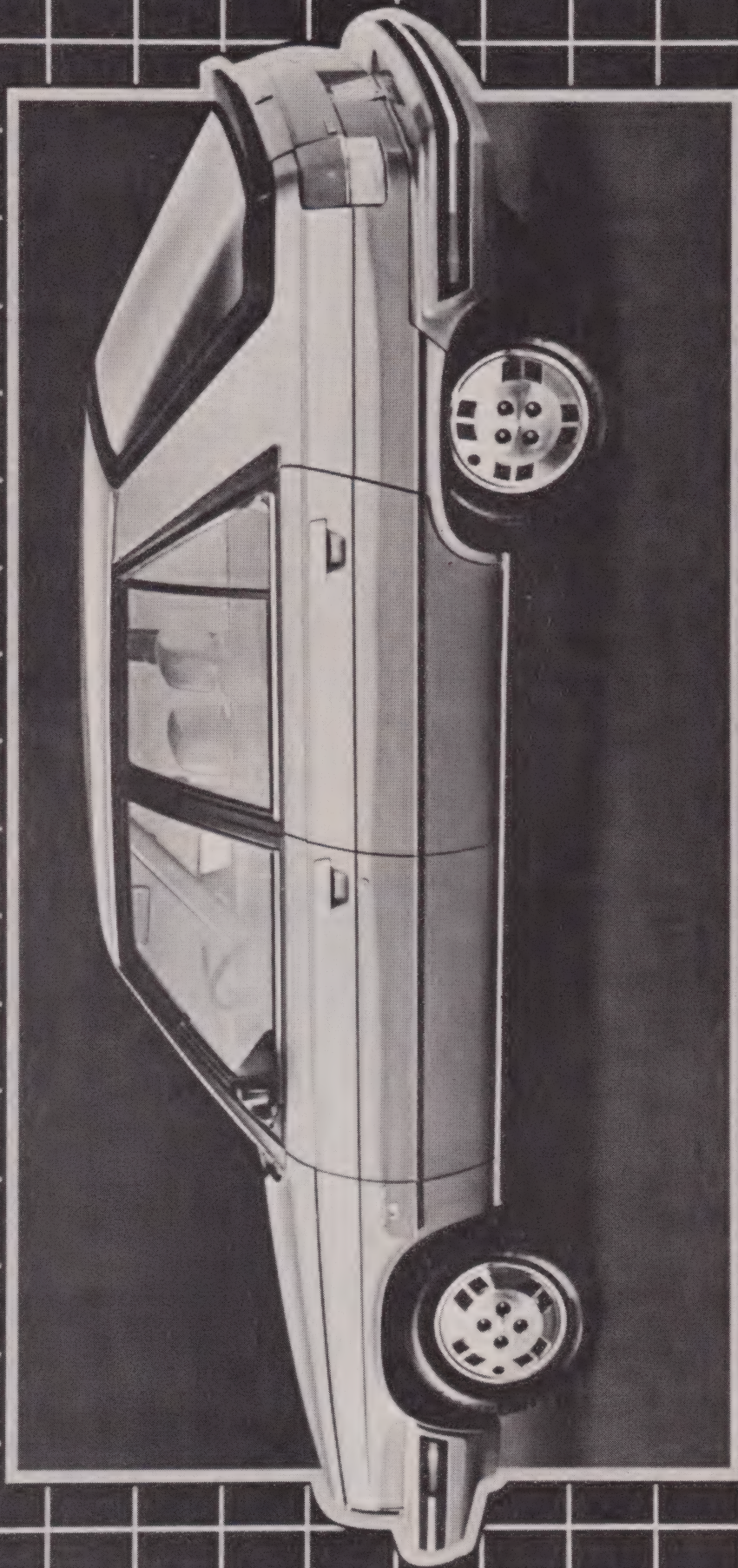
"Who knows?" he chortled. "With all those beautiful gals around me in the cosmetics industry, I may live to be 90." Writer Stephen Kimber has described him as having "stylishly long grey hair and the distinguished face of an ancient Roman senator"; and a bar-room wag, upon hearing of Manuge's new venture, said, "He'll probably model the cosmetics himself." The thing is, if Bob Manuge thought for one second that wearing makeup would help sell Audrey Morris Cosmetics, he'd ask Audrey Morris herself to apply it. **C**



Manuge has been an art collector since his youth



# THE ONE TO WATCH



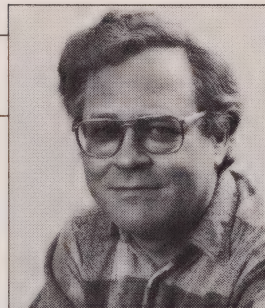
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# Maybe we get the politicians and bureaucrats we deserve



*But what could we have done to deserve these birds?  
It's a thought you hardly want to contemplate*

**H**aving been convicted on morals charges involving young girls, Gilles Gregoire, once a lion among separatists, said he didn't mind jail because he'd met "ordinary simple people who are much less complicated than the people you meet in politics." He seemed to be rather complicated himself. Since some convicts are not ordinary and simple, and do bad things to those who've messed about sexually with juveniles, prison authorities had lodged him in the infirmary for his safety's sake. The guards were nice. He was getting lots of reading done. He was serving two years less a day but maybe he'd be out before that, and meanwhile why should he resign his seat in the National Assembly? His staff could handle constituency problems. His attitude gave a new dimension to the theory that the worst thing about political jokes is that some of them get elected.

It isn't true, of course, that a mere 90% of politicians give the other 10% a bad name, but Gregoire has done his bit to make voters believe it's true, and that's a shame. Politicians suffer enough contempt, as it is, without having one insist he can represent his constituents while serving time for buying sex from children. After scandals about politicians who'd accepted bribes and engaged in sexual sports and drug use with Capitol pages, pollsters discovered that Congressmen were among the least-admired of all Americans. The public rated them above used-car salesmen but below journalists. I thought the popularity of journalists hovered somewhere below that of dog-catchers, tax-collectors, and prostitutes with herpes. If Americans rank Congressmen below journalists, the cynicism about politicians is deeper than even the gloomiest worriers about the health of democracy have suspected. "No charge levelled against Congress appears to many people too sensational to be believed," Martin Tolchin wrote in *The New York Times*.

If Americans see Congressmen as sleazy, Canadians see MPs as boring. A poll last August determined that only 9% of us have much interest in Parliament, while 64% have either little or no interest in it. It's not loathsome, it's just irrelevant. Thirteen percent of Canadians regularly watch the television proceedings in the Commons, but not because they think the show's important. Political scientist Ronald Blair explained

that Commons debates "are kind of a spectator sport or soap opera for a lot of people." Sort of like *Search for Tomorrow* or *All My Children*.

Hansard should publish a weekly guide to upcoming plots: Pierre offers an explanation. Brian is surprised. Joe and Marc have angry words. Jeanne gets into trouble. Ed squirms. Flora has another nightmare. Eric comes to a decision. Monique may have blundered. Eugene tries to break the curse. Paul Martin returns, but not to Pine Valley. (Actually, those last two are real plot tips from my TV guide for *Days of Our Lives* and *One Life to Live* respectively. You can see how easy this job will be for Hansard officials.)

More than a decade ago, Trudeau sneeringly called backbenchers "nobodies," and if most Canadians now regard Parliament as irrelevant, then that is exactly what they have become. But he himself has not only helped make them that way but has also weakened respect for political processes across Canada. Liberal governments in his reign started with high-minded slogans about Participatory Democracy but, as things turned out, the participation merely meant a chance for his Grit buddies to grab so many plums that the patronage couldn't help but feed the eternal suspicion that politicians are committed not to the well-being of the nation but to the well-being of themselves, their cronies and certain bureaucrats. I don't believe that's true but Trudeau, like Gregoire in his different way, has made it hard for the public to believe your average politician has a noble bone in his body.


Repaying debts and rewarding the faithful may not be entirely ignoble but surely there's a limit, and how often lately have you heard it said, "Those gazoonies up there are only in it for what they can get"? I could write a book about the goodies that assorted Canadian politicians in power have given chums and bureaucrats in recent years — rewards that all confirm the greedy-gazoonie theory — but I haven't room here. I'll cite only three incidents, and, just to prove I don't blame everything on federal Grits, one is a municipal outrage and another is a stupidity by the Tory government of John Buchanan in Nova Scotia.

*Item:* A. Bruce Davidson, planning commissioner of North York, Ont., gets a salary of \$72,000 a year. Police tell

mayor Mel Lastman that big-time developer Louis Charles has provided Davidson with \$250,000 to help him buy a \$530,000 house. The police also report that Davidson and Charles are partners in development syndicates outside North York and that, although Davidson has invested no cash in them, he may nevertheless reap a profit. Some North York people think planning commissioners should not be so cosy with developers. They want Lastman to fire Davidson, but Lastman agrees to a deal whereby Davidson will resign in return for a package worth \$70,000 of taxpayers' money. That Lastman, he's one tough coookie.

*Item:* A Halifax lawyer, once a Tory MLA, has been convicted of rape, income-tax evasion and misappropriation of funds. After his release from jail, the Tory government offers him a contract to do legal work. Would "Honest John" Buchanan's gang have been so kind to a Grit rapist? Is the Pope a Protestant? Is Wayne Gretsky a badminton star?

*Item:* Gilles Choquette was once executive assistant to Agriculture Minister Eugene Whelan. Then he became chairman of the Canadian Dairy Commission, a job in which Whelan authorizes his travel expenses. Those expenses, from 1977 to late 1982, totalled \$210,000 and that's only for international travel. The figure doesn't include whatever jet-setting Choquette spent on domestic travel. In 1981-82 alone, his international travel bill nudged \$66,000. *The Globe and Mail* calculated that during the last two fiscal years, his expenses for food, hotels and entertainment in various foreign cities averaged \$190 a day. He often travelled on weekends. He often travelled first-class or by chartered plane. He often travelled with Denise Dignard, his executive assistant. In 1982, she took eight international trips at a cost to the taxpayers of nearly \$23,000. Meanwhile, a commission of inquiry into marketing methods of the Canadian Dairy Commission, a report by the deputy chairman of the Public Service Staff Relations Board, and the auditor-general had all denounced Choquette's management of the agency. By late September, the worldly Gilles Choquette still had his cushy job.

Maybe we only get the politicians and bureaucrats we deserve but what could we possibly have done to deserve these birds? 





Smith(L) and Brian Dennehy in *Never Cry Wolf*

## Never Cry Wolf's big on scenery, small on plot

*This American-made adaptation of Farley Mowat's book is almost too Canadian. Are you pure enough for it?*

Reviews by Martin Knelman

**T**his season, moviegoers might well feel bewildered by the sudden proliferation of major movies based on famous Canadian books — from *The Tin Flute*, based on Gabrielle Roy's legendary first novel, to the oft-delayed Robin Phillips film based on *The Wars* by Timothy Findley. And the Disney studio has just released Carroll Ballard's screen version of the Farley Mowat yarn *Never Cry Wolf*. As if all that weren't enough, we're also facing Gilles Carle's screen version of the popular French-Canadian saga *Maria Chapdelaine*, which played to less than ecstatic reviews in Quebec last year, and an extended mini-series of *Kamouraska*, featuring a great deal of footage that was left out of Claude Jutra's delicate 1973 film version of the Anne Hébert novel.

This flurry of activity serves as a reminder that many of the major Canadian literary works have failed to find their way to the screen, for one reason or another, and that among those that

have been filmed, few have made the mysterious journey from page to celluloid successfully. I would count among the happy exceptions Ted Kotcheff's high-spirited film version of Mordecai Richler's *The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz*. We've also had a couple of fine movies based on novels that literary people would consider minor — *Why Shoot the Teacher?* and *Les Plouffe*. Heading the list of failures is *Surfacing*, a film version of an unfilmable book. Falling somewhere in the middle is Allan King's gently comic, if slightly tepid, *Who Has Seen the Wind?*, though W.O. Mitchell, while refusing to see it, complained his material had been Waltonized.

On a few occasions, Americans have beaten us to the punch by filming Canadian novels before Canadians got around to it. In 1964, Irvin Kershner made a fine, neglected screen version of Brian Moore's delightful yarn about an immigrant in Montreal, *The Luck of Ginger Coffey*. In 1968, Joanne Woodward played the title role and Paul New-

man directed her in *Rachel, Rachel*, based on Margaret Laurence's *A Jest of God*. And now there's the Hollywood version of *Never Cry Wolf*, directed by the gifted Carroll Ballard from Farley Mowat's saga about a government scientist's rebellion against government bureaucracy in our frozen wilderness.

As intriguing as the movies that got made are the movies that didn't get made. Under that heading count Margaret Atwood's *The Edible Woman*, for which several scripts were written and which Tony Richardson at one time planned to direct. Another Atwood novel, *Lady Oracle*, drew the excited involvement of Margot Kidder, who wanted to produce and star in a movie version, and spent \$100,000 of her *Superman* earnings having scripts written before she gave up and decided the book couldn't be filmed. For years, Peter Pearson dreamed of filming the Sinclair Ross book about the Depression on the prairies, *As for Me and My House*. Alan Pakula commissioned Mordecai Richler to adapt *St. Urbain's Horseman*, and Richler delivered it personally to Pakula's Manhattan apartment, but the movie never got made. The English director Nicholas Meyer bought the rights to Robertson Davies' *Fifth Business* several years ago, but so far the movie has failed to materialize.

If failed projects weren't an intrinsic part of the movie business all over the world, it would be tempting to think of



the Filmed Novels That Got Away as a uniquely Canadian phenomenon. Certainly the Canadian Film Development Corp. can be blamed for its boneheaded points system, which provides inducements for producers to use Canadian screen writers but gives no credit at all for using Canadian literary material. (In other words, a film is just as Canadian, under the CFDC rules, if a Canadian screenwriter adapts an American novel as it is if the writer adapts a Canadian novel.)

Of the Canadian literary works to reach the screen this season, the most stunning in purely cinematic terms is Ballard's adaptation of *Never Cry Wolf*. Whether the book is fiction or non-fiction is a tricky point. Here is how Mowat stickhandles cleverly around that problem in his preface to the paperback edition: "Because it is my practice never to allow facts to interfere with truth and because I believe that humour has its vital place even within the austere purlieus of science, many experts derided the book as a work of outright fiction, denying even that it was based on two summers and a winter during which I lived in the Arctic, closely associating with wolves. It gives me some small pleasure at this late date to note that almost every facet of wolf behaviour which I described has since been confirmed by 'official' science. Unfortunately, my major thesis — that the wolf does not pose a threat to other wildlife, and is not a danger or a competitor of any consequence to man — remains largely unaccepted."

Carroll Ballard earned a reputation with his unforgettable movie based on another story about man's mystical relationship with the animal kingdom, *The Black Stallion*. *Never Cry Wolf* has the same rhapsodic approach to the natural order. Charles Martin Smith, an American actor, plays the government biologist on assignment in the Arctic, investigating wolves while living among them. Smith (who had supporting roles in *American Graffiti* and *The Buddy Holly Story*) has an amiable, low-key determination as Tyler, the movie's hero. (In the book the hero was named Mowat.)

The film is modest and episodic: Tyler falls through the ice and nearly drowns; Tyler emulates the wolves' habit of urinating to mark off territory; Tyler eats mice to prove the wolves can survive on this diet, and may not be guilty, as charged, of destroying caribou; Tyler befriends the local Inuit; Tyler shoots a plane carrying rapacious hunters who exploit the north; Tyler rejects civilization and decides to stay on in the Arctic.

It's clear in every frame

that Carroll Ballard is a natural and gifted film-maker, and *Never Cry Wolf* isn't like any other film that has ever been made in or about Canada. Yet in a sense this American-made movie is *too* Canadian. You have to be very pure for it. There's not a whole lot going on in it. We're meant to drink in the gorgeous northern vistas and contemplate nature's profound empty spaces and silences. *Never Cry Wolf* is an uncompromising portrait in the tradition of Flaherty's 1922 silent classic, *Nanook of the North*. Whether a popular audience can respond to it remains to be seen. I found it awesome but underdramatized.

Ballard resists the temptation to make the story cute, but his integrity may be too much for some moviegoers. There's so little going on in this movie that we may feel a bit like a stranded explorer — trapped in the Arctic wilderness with no company and nothing to do.

**THE BIG CHILL.** The star-studded upscale Hollywood ripoff of *Return of the Secaucus Seven*. It's about the reunion of a group of college idealists, now turning into conservative, prosperous, middle-aged consumers of all that America has to offer. The occasion for their get-together is the funeral of a friend who has committed suicide. This leads to much soul-searching, banter and flirting within the group. It's all quite slick and certainly watchable — entertainingly shallow. Directed by Lawrence Kasdan (who also co-wrote it and co-produced it), with a cast including William Hurt, Kevin Kline, Glenn Close, Tom Berenger and Jeff Goldblum.

**HEART LIKE A WHEEL.** Extremely likable, old-fashioned biography of Shirley Muldowney, the American racing-car champ who has been bucking male domination on the drag strips for years. It's a fine comeback vehicle for

Bonnie Bedelia, who creates a memorably believable character. The script is a bit minimal, but director Jonathan Kaplan and an excellent cast get the most out of it; they catch the flavor of the milieu with unpretentious accuracy. Leo Rossi plays the nervous home-town hot-rodder who marries her but gets upset when her ambitions outstrip his. And Beau Bridges gives a marvellous performance (turning into Mickey Rooney) as the charming - obnoxious rival who competes with her, has an affair with her, becomes her partner, and finally has to get out of the way so she can go right to the top. ☒



Bridges and Bedelia in *Heart Like a Wheel*



*The Big Chill*: A star-studded Hollywood ripoff of *Return of the Secaucus Seven*



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(L-R) Willard Boyle, Tony Bidwell, Cam Pickard

## High tech in a hamlet

*Wallace, N.S. (pop. 300), isn't exactly the industrial heartland of the country. But it's home to a consulting firm that's making a name for itself exploring and exploiting the latest in technology*

**I**f you desperately need a house re-wired, a kitchen sink unclogged or a barn built, Wallace, N.S., is not the place to be. The problem is that many residents of that farming community spend so much time on the day-to-day details of rural life, working for anyone else sometimes has to take a back seat. "In Wallace, if someone says maybe they will do a job that means never, and if they say soon that could mean anything from six days to six months," Willard Boyle says with a chuckle.

Boyle has lived there a mere three years, but already he and his partners in Atlantic Research Associates have changed their philosophy about the im-

portance of certain jobs. When they decide to take on a project, money won't be the major factor. "It has got to be something that we are capable of doing," says Boyle's partner, Tony Bidwell. "We don't take on jobs we won't like, and if we don't approve of it we won't do it."

Being able to pick and choose work is a rare luxury for a consulting firm. But then, Atlantic Research Associates Ltd. is a rare type of business. Most of its projects are aimed at exploring and exploiting new technological advances. But instead of being located in the research, industrial and big government heartlands of Ontario or Quebec — or even Halifax, for that matter — this firm makes its



# A Blend of Quality



**BELL'S**  
Scotch Whisky

home in Wallace, population about 300.

Even stranger, perhaps, is how the partnership was formed. Until they moved to Wallace a few years ago, Bidwell, Boyle and partner Cam Pickard had never met, even though they all had long links with the western Nova Scotia community. The three had taken early retirement, planning to enjoy the rustic beauty of Wallace, but they had no intention of easing into their rocking chairs just yet. "The word retirement is a misnomer, I think," Boyle says. "I prefer to think that I just decided to move on to something new."

The early days in Wallace turned out to be hectic. Besides sitting on a number of corporate, professional and academic boards and doing some private consulting, all three kept busy indulging their own private interests. Bidwell was writing plant physiology textbooks and living the natural life in his converted farm house. ("We're totally self-sufficient here," he says. "All we need is whisky, tea and coffee; the rest we can make ourselves.") Boyle was experimenting with oyster farming and exploring the nooks and crannies of the Northumberland Strait in his 33-foot sail boat. Pickard was active in local community affairs. Brought together by friends, the three soon discovered a mutual interest in continuing to make some sort of professional contribution, while still enjoying their new lives.

The idea was to work only in areas that interested them. Considering their wide areas of expertise, this hasn't been difficult. Bidwell, former Queen's University professor and fellow of the Royal Society of Canada, currently holds the Killam research chair at Halifax's Dalhousie University and supplies the group with information about plant science and biology. Before moving to Wallace, Boyle headed up the Bell Labs in the U.S. and is best known as the inventor of charge coupled devices, described as the most important breakthrough in solid state electronics in the 1970s. He takes care of the physics and electronics problems. Pickard, whose most recent job was manager of process development for Gulf Oil Canada Ltd., specializes in chemistry and production technology.

Despite Wallace's isolation, access to information hasn't been a problem. The group's methods are what futurist Alvin Toffler had in mind when he coined the term "electronic cottage": By tapping in to data banks in Ottawa and Washington,

## BUSINESS

they have access to the most up-to-date information in the world without leaving home. To date, they've done consulting work for the Bedford Institute of Oceanography and, for the provincial Department of Agriculture, a survey of the maple sugar industry with recommendations for improvement. Their crowning achievement, and the project on which they're spending most of their time, is a software package that allows people to do their income tax returns on an IBM personal computer.

Although fairly common in the U.S., this type of package is rare in Canada. Last year, Atlantic Research Associates' "Cantax" program was one of the few on the Canadian market. For Boyle, who developed the program, the project was a learning process. Although the Bell division he directed often did computer science research, Boyle had no real programming experience. And the difficulty of learning the "basic" computer programming language paled in comparison with unravelling Canada's complex tax laws.

At \$480 each, the program might be a bit steep for the average-income customer, but Boyle and his partners feel it offers advantages to chartered accountants. The instant cross-referencing system allows the user to see quickly the results of entries and to make rapid experimental calculations for tax-planning — an especially attractive feature for accountants. All calculations required by the tax department

*"The group's methods are what futurist Alvin Toffler had in mind when he coined the term 'electronic cottage' "*

are carried out and printed in the appropriate place on the tax form. The average return takes about five minutes to complete. The firm plans to update the program yearly to keep up with tax changes.

The results so far have been encouraging. The software packages they sold early this year were well received; the only complaint was traced to a Revenue Canada mistake. With most of the bugs in the program ironed out, Boyle and his partners are placing more emphasis on marketing, taking out ads in various magazines and newspapers, and demonstrating the program at gatherings such as a chartered accountants' conference in Ottawa this past September.

If the Cantax program catches on, they could find themselves even busier than during their "pre-retirement" days. Which, despite some weak protests to the contrary, probably would be just fine with them. After all, Pickard says, "if it wasn't this it would be something else."

—Jack Savage



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# Crab: The neglected crustacean

*Chef McMullin can't understand why this delicately flavored shellfish isn't more popular*

By Bonnie Woodworth

**A**t home, Kenneth McMullin doesn't even boil water. "My wife won't let me in the kitchen," he says. But when he's working at the Explorers restaurant in the Fishing Admiral complex in downtown St. John's, nothing that goes on in the kitchen escapes his discerning eye. The 33-year-old Newfoundland resident (he was born in Edmundston, N.B.) has a cooking staff of 20, more than 150 customers a day, and a reputation as one of the finest seafood chefs in the city. Every detail, from the ordering of the fish to the moment it's served in the warm colonial-style dining room, comes under his inspection.

McMullin's specialties include squid sauté provençale, lobster and halibut matelot, seafood crêpe and poached salmon.

But one of the most popular dishes with the Explorers' clientele is the chef's crab supreme. McMullin can't understand why this delicately flavored crustacean, similar in taste and texture to the lobster, is not more popular with Newfoundlanders in general. "I guess the crab never caught on," he says.

The crab caught in Atlantic Canada's waters is the queen or snow crab, which has a heart-shaped body measuring about 10 inches across. To cook live crab, place it in cold water and bring it slowly to the boil. "The crab is stunned and doesn't feel a thing," insists McMullin. He recommends that when the water reaches boiling point the crab should be cooked for seven or eight minutes; any longer will make the meat tough. To extract the flesh from the shell, first remove the legs and pincers, then holding the shell firmly, pull the body away. Using your hands, carefully remove and discard the stomach bag and any spongy matter from the shell. Pull off and discard the gills or greyish "dead man's fingers." Scoop out the meat from the claws and then, using a skewer or two-pronged fork, remove the flesh from the shell and add to the claw meat. Or, buy your crabmeat frozen or in cans. Combination crabmeat, which includes shell meat, is less expensive than just claw meat. McMullin suggests that when you serve crab, accompany it with a light appetizer and dessert since the meat is so rich.

## Crab Supreme

- 1 tsp. vegetable oil
- 1 tsp. butter
- 1 medium onion, finely chopped

- 1 celery stick, finely chopped
- 1/2 pint fresh mushrooms, sliced
- 4 oz. cooking sherry
- 1 lb. combination crabmeat
- 4 oz. baby shrimp
- 1 cup double cream

In a saucepan, sauté onions, celery and mushrooms till tender. Add sherry and let reduce over low heat. Add crabmeat and shrimp and mix thoroughly. Add cream and let reduce over very low heat until mixture thickens (about 4-5 minutes). Season to taste with white pepper, salt, Worcestershire sauce, Tabasco sauce, dry mustard, lemon juice. Serve on rice or vol-au-vent accompanied by a colorful vegetable. Serves 8.

## Crab au Gratin

- 1 tbsp. butter
- 1 tbsp. flour
- 1 cup hot milk
- 4 oz. cheddar cheese, grated
- 2 oz. double cream
- salt, black pepper and cayenne pepper to taste
- 1 lb. crabmeat
- butter
- grated parmesan cheese

In small heavy saucepan melt butter, stir in flour. Add hot milk and cook, stirring constantly, until smooth. Reduce heat to very low and cook for 30 minutes, stirring occasionally. Pour sauce into a bowl and, with a wire whisk, beat in the cheddar a little at a time. When the sauce is thick and smooth, add the cream, salt, pepper and cayenne, beating constantly. Transfer the sauce to a pan and bring to a boil over medium heat, whisking constantly. Remove pan from heat and set aside. In frying pan, melt the butter over medium heat. When the foam subsides, add the crabmeat and cook for a few minutes, stirring occasionally. Spoon crabmeat into six small heatproof bowls or one medium sized heatproof dish. Pour sauce evenly over the crabmeat and sprinkle with parmesan cheese. Arrange bowls or dish on a baking sheet and place under the grill for a few minutes, until parmesan cheese is lightly browned. Serve immediately.

## Crab Bisque

- 3-4 medium crabs, cooked
- 1 gallon cold water
- 1 cup tomato paste
- 1 onion, chopped
- 2 carrots, sliced
- 1 bay leaf
- 1/2 tsp. thyme
- 1 tsp. white peppercorns
- 3 tsp. paprika
- salt

Extract crabmeat and set aside. Combine crab shells with remaining ingredients and simmer for approximately 2 hours or until reduced by half. Strain. Prepare a roux consisting of 4 oz. butter and just enough flour to make a smooth paste. Slowly add hot stock to roux, stirring constantly until smooth and let cook a while longer. Add chopped crabmeat



GREY LOCKE

McMullin: A fine seafood-chef

and season to taste. If you wish, you may add approx. half a cup of double cream.

## Crabmeat Salad

- 1 lb. crabmeat
- large leaves of lettuce (iceberg or romaine)
- 4 firm tomatoes, sliced
- 2 kiwi fruit, sliced
- black olives

Arrange lettuce leaves on a large serving dish. Put crabmeat in centre of dish and arrange tomatoes, kiwi and black olives around crabmeat. Pour mayonnaise (recipe follows) over crab and serve. Serves 4.

## Mayonnaise

- 2 eggs yolks (at room temperature)
- salt
- dry mustard, cayenne pepper to taste
- 1 cup olive oil (at room temperature)
- 1 tsp. lemon juice

In medium mixing bowl combine egg yolks, salt, mustard and pepper with wire whisk. Add oil, a few drops at a time, whisking constantly. Do not add oil too quickly or mayonnaise will curdle. When mayonnaise thickens, you may add oil more quickly. As you are adding oil, beat in a few drops of lemon juice from time to time so mayonnaise does not become too thick. Add remaining oil and lemon juice. Verify the seasoning and add chopped parsley. ☒







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## Would you believe an underground high-rise?

*Tom Kierans' scheme for developing the St. John's harbor isn't as far-fetched as it sounds*

**P**icture it: First, you dig out an area equal to 300 city blocks under the massive Southside Hills that tower over St. John's harbor. Then you build a mile-long roadway through the tunnel, connecting the city's inner harbor with a second harbor on the south side of the hills, in Freshwater Bay. Eventually, you develop a five-storey office-industrial complex underground.

It isn't as far-fetched as it sounds. St. John's mining engineer Tom Kierans, who first proposed the idea in 1978, now has the backing of 10 local and national companies willing to invest in the project. They've formed a company called Southside Hills Corp. Ltd. (SOHILCO) and asked the Newfoundland government for developer-manager status. The government hasn't yet made its decision, but cabinet has guaranteed the consortium exclusive mining rights to the area in the meantime.

"What we're saying to government," Kierans says, "is you keep the land and we'll pay you to let us develop the property. It's not going to cost the taxpayers a dime, and everyone in the province will benefit."

He's hoping the project will start within a year, and will be built in stages over the next 100.

One advantage of the development is that it would give port-users better access to St. John's' tiny, protected harbor. The steep, rocky cliffs on the south side of the harbor extend almost to the water's edge, and there isn't enough room on the north side — the downtown area — for more industry. As a result, port-users have been building inland. Goods that otherwise would be stored on the waterfront, such as drillpipe for the offshore, have to be trucked through busy city streets.

In addition, large vessels, such as the semi-submersible rigs that now have to go to Marystown, would be able to come into port at St. John's, and more supply vessels could use the port at one time. A pond at the head of Freshwater Bay would be dredged and reserved for offshore supply vessels and fishing trawlers.

"It can be justified economically, with or without offshore oil development," Kierans says. "St. John's has billions of dollars of infrastructure — roads, schools, hospitals and other municipal services — that more than offset the construction costs." He argues

that these services eventually would have to be built elsewhere if the government scrapped the project and developed another port.

Kierans, now retired from the faculty of engineering at Memorial University, has more than 25 years of mining experience. He designed and supervised the construction of the gigantic tunnels at the Churchill Falls hydroelectric project in the Sixties and is a former director of the Bell Institute in Cape Breton.

The Southside Hills project isn't a brand new idea. Underground limestone caverns in Kansas City, started in the Forties, now house 170 companies and more than 3,000 employees, and give the city an extra 200 million square feet of industrial and commercial space. That development allows industry to operate



Kierans: No cost to taxpayers

downtown, keeps maintenance and energy costs low, offers tight security and increases productivity: Employees work harder because they have fewer distractions.

Herb Clarke, Newfoundland's deputy minister of Development, says his department officials lost some of their initial reservations about the Southside project when they visited Kansas City. The two biggest problems, cost and timing, still need a lot of study, he says, but "on the whole, the government's feeling toward the project is positive."

The cavities in the Southside Hills

would contain 10 low-cost rental units of space, each 20 m by 50 m, and would be leased to industry and government. The first layer, to be located below sea level, would be used for fuel storage and sewage treatment; upper layers would contain offices.

About eight billion tons of sandstone conglomerate scooped out of the hills would be crushed, stored and sold for asphalt, concrete and road fill. Kierans says the rock can be mined and sold locally at a profit of more than \$1 a ton, thereby reducing construction costs.

To get the project off the ground, the consortium is prepared to invest \$30 million in the first five years. That would pay for an access road to Freshwater Bay, the tunnel and the pond-dredging. SOHILCO treasurer Doug Harris, a St. John's accountant, says the project would be financed mainly by loans to be paid off in 10 years from operating revenues the company collects. He says the big problem now is attracting investors because they have to pay taxes on their shares, even though the company isn't generating any income.

To date, participants have earned the shares by donating their expertise rather than cash. The amount of tax they have to pay is based on the value of the work they have done, which so far is estimated to exceed \$500,000. SOHILCO has appealed to Revenue Canada to change the law and is waiting for a ruling. To protect the participants against punitive taxes, Harris says, the shares have been set aside but not issued to member companies.

Project participants include Crosbie Offshore Services Ltd., Bond Architects and Engineering Ltd., Hydrospace Marine Services, DeLCan, and Associated Freezers of Canada Ltd.

Bob Martell, regional manager for Associated Freezers in Dartmouth, N.S., is interested in using the caverns for cold storage, especially for fish products. He says once the rock is frozen to a depth of 10 or 15 feet, there's a big saving in operating costs. During a power failure, the temperature of a surface plant changes at the rate of one degree Celsius per hour, compared with one degree per day underground.

The project's main drawback, according to Martell, is that service by longshoremen is bad on the waterfront. His customers in Newfoundland refuse to use the port now because of the loading delays at dockside and the extra expense that causes.

Kierans, who has spent a lifetime designing and building megaprojects, regards the service problems as minor details. "The job now is to sell the project," he says, "and I'm confident this one will surmount the bureaucratic problems that usually bury projects of this size."

—Bonnie Woodworth



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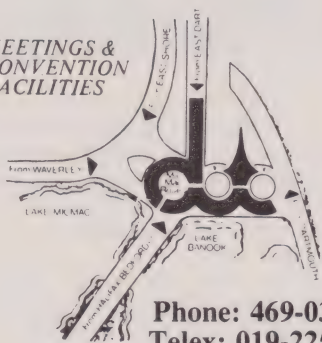
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## BOOKS

# The real world of the past

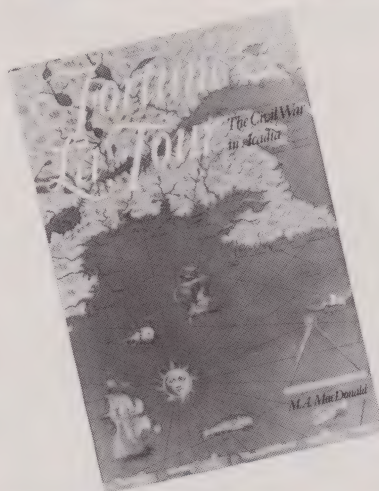
*From a year in the life of one town to a history of Newfoundland and Labrador, six new books open windows on the region's history*

Reviews by Pat Lotz

**A**lthough Atlantic Canada has always been very conscious of its heritage (this year we celebrated the 200th anniversary of the Loyalists' arrival and the 400th anniversary of the arrival of Sir Humphrey Gilbert), it's only in recent years that publishers have begun to package the region's history in attractive formats. The six books reviewed here reveal the diversity of this history and offer insights and information on our past.

In *Fortune and La Tour* (Methuen), M.A. MacDonald of Rothesay, N.B., retells the story of the 17th-century civil war in Acadia. Charles de la Tour and Charles de Menou, Sieur d'Aulnay, each claimed dominion over Acadia and skirmished with words and guns as they tried to gain control over the land. Events in

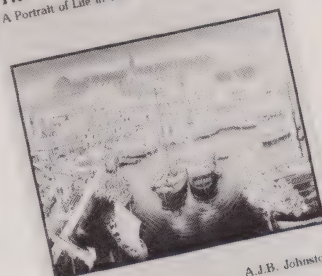
the site of the present city of Saint John. In 1645, while La Tour was away, his rival swooped down and besieged his base. Françoise Jacquelin, La Tour's remarkable wife, defended the fort as best she could and earned her place in history as a heroine of Acadia. D'Aulnay took Fort La Tour after a fierce fight, and hanged most of the garrison: Jacquelin died a few weeks later. La Tour turned pirate, then moved to Quebec. MacDonald has untangled this exciting story, and conveys well the flavor of life in Acadia and in the centres of power of Paris, London and Boston. The French exhausted themselves in extravagance and fighting each other, leaving the New World open for settlement by the English.



the New World reflected the tensions of Old France, where factions struggled to gain favor with the king, regents and powerful men like Richelieu and Mazarin. The French had no goals in Acadia other than obtaining furs and converting the Indians: The British encouraged permanent settlement.

La Tour and d'Aulnay spent huge sums to develop the fur trade and to establish their power bases. MacDonald obviously finds La Tour the more attractive figure; he learned to live off the land like "the people of the country" when he first came to Acadia at age 14 in 1606. D'Aulnay favored a grandiose lifestyle at Port Royal, his main base, and emerges as a true imperialist. La Tour sought help from the merchants in Boston when d'Aulnay blockaded his fort on

*The Summer of 1744*  
A Portrait of Life in 18th-Century Louisbourg

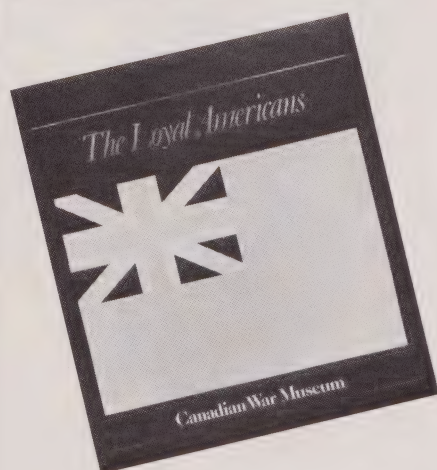


A.J.B. Johnston

In 1744, only 90,000 French lived in North America, compared to a million British. How they lived forms the basis of A.B. Johnston's book *The Summer of 1744* (Parks Canada), which paints a portrait of life in Louisbourg in that year. When the first ships arrived from Europe in the spring, the people of Louisbourg learned that France was at war with England. Ever short of food, the French began to raid English settlements and ships for supplies. In May, an expedition attacked and took Canso, capturing over 100 prisoners who placed an additional burden on the food supplies. Later in the year, with Micmac allies, the French tried to take Annapolis Royal. By combining details of military and naval activities with information about the ordinary people, Johnston brings Louisbourg alive. You can almost smell the fish on the flakes as you read about how Louisbourg made money from looking



after the prisoners, hurled insults at each other, dealt with thieves, buried their dead and baptized the newborn. The black and white illustrations are integrated with the text.



In 1745, Louisbourg fell to an American expedition, and its return to the French in 1748 under the Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle sowed the seeds of the American War of Independence. The rebel Americans, tired of being treated as pawns in wars between European powers, rose and ejected the English from the Thirteen Colonies. When the English armies left, so did 40,000 Loyalists who streamed north in late 1783 and 1784 to start a new life under the British flag. Much mythology has been created about the Loyalists, which *The Loyal Americans* (Canadian War Museum) neatly punctures. The book, a sampler on the subject, contains nine short essays and 75 illustrations, and has been issued in connection with a major travelling exhibition which will reach New Brunswick and Nova Scotia next May and June.

Ann Condon points out that not everyone remained loyal to the Crown for the same reason. The typical Loyalist, George Rawlyk notes, "was an illiterate subsistence farmer of German or Scots background... a somewhat disoriented and confused individual... [who] still tended to perceive issues and personalities within the conceptual framework of a European peasant." Americans welcomed change just as much as Loyalists feared it. The Loyalists who moved into positions of power reinforced the conservative nature of Canada. Others stand out as failures. Robert Rogers, who led the Queen's American Rangers, first offered his services to the rebels, and lost his Canadian command because of alcoholism. The essays contain a great deal of readable information in very few words. In 1783, Phyllis Blakeley notes, Shelburne was the fourth city in North America after Philadelphia, New York and Boston. But, like many other places where the Loyalists settled, it had "beautiful views but rocky soil." This handsome, expensive book is marred by the absence of a map.

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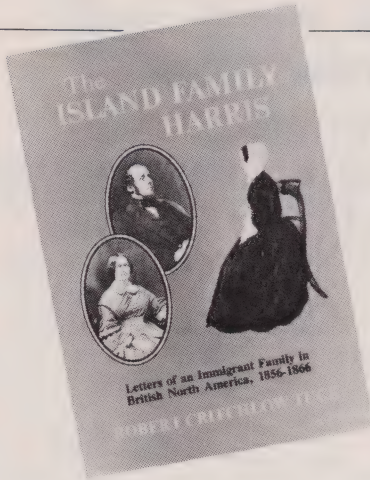
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## BOOKS



The Loyalists were followed during the next century by immigrants who left Britain to start a new life in the colonies. Critchlow Harris tried his hand at farming in Wales, but found that he could not survive as a tenant-farmer. Nor could he find a "situation" — steady employment as the 19th-century equivalent of a white-collar worker. So he visited Canada in 1854 to look over the prospects, and moved with his family to Prince Edward Island in 1856. Critchlow wrote letters home that are full of interesting details of life in Montreal, Toronto, Peterborough and the pioneer fringe of Upper Canada. On the Island, however, he left the letter writing to his wife, Sarah. Robert Critchlow Tuck, an Island clergyman, has done an admirable job of turning the letters into a book in *The Island Family Harris* (Ragweed Press).

The mundane details of a family starting a new life make fascinating reading. Critchlow, quick-tempered, a born worrier, sounds like a difficult man. But Sarah comes across as an admirable person who raised a large family under difficult conditions, sustained by a deep religious faith. When Patty, their eight-year-old daughter, was "gathered to the fold of the Good Shepherd" in 1864, Sarah did not falter. Death, disease and disaster lay all around these pioneers, but the family survived with the help of money from home and aid from kindly neighbors. "It is not riches I covet, but I do desire to be enabled to earn a living for ourselves without being a continual burden to our friends," wrote Sarah on June 11, 1860. Critchlow failed as a farmer, and opened a store. Eventually he made hams for a living, and managed a fishing station. The children, especially Robert, who went on to become a painter, very obviously enjoyed life in the colony. Tuck sets the letters in historical context, and provides excellent notes. You begin to care about these people as you read the book, and to admire Sarah, who emerges as a pillar of strength.

The English tried to deter people from settling on Newfoundland, seeing that rock within the sea simply as a handy base for the fishery and defence.



And yet settlers made homes there, and came to love that "rough thing from God's hand." *Part of the Main* (Breakwater) by Peter Neary and Patrick O'Flaherty, an illustrated history of Newfoundland and Labrador, nicely balances the literary extravagances about the province with an understanding of the stern reality of the land. The large number of black and white pictures, many of which have never appeared in a book before, convey the starkness of life. The seas around the province provided a bonanza for those who controlled the early fisheries; the photograph of Widdicombe House, near Dartmouth in Devon, shows where some of their wealth went. Neary and Flaherty concentrate attention on the fisheries, but cover every aspect of life, starting with the earliest evidence of the presence of humans.

Political life is also discussed, but one photograph, "The Living Fathers of Confederation," seems to sum up this aspect of the province. The authors write fluently, but include photographs of a number of documents that are difficult to decipher, and the book lacks useful maps. Novelist Margaret Duley once wrote: "How magnificent this country can look, how big and bold, and how strong of light." And this illustrated history shows how right she was.

Harsh lands generate simple living and strict faiths.

That's the theme of Laurie Stanley's book *The Well-Watered Garden* (University College of Cape Breton Press). But to stimulate that faith, dedicated ministers are needed to call the people back to God — and to make it as difficult as possible for them to enter Heaven. *The Well-Watered Garden* tells how Presbyterianism took root in the rocky soil of Cape Breton Island. Stanley outlines the conditions in Scotland that gave rise to Presbyterianism, of which it has been said that it does not stop you from sinning — only from enjoying it: On Skye, at one time, even the bagpipes were censured by a clergyman for being "se-

ductive." In Scotland, the population had sunk into religious apathy because of lax ministers. Similar conditions existed on Cape Breton Island among the Scottish settlers, who had no clergymen to serve their spiritual needs.

In the 1830s, Scottish missionaries like Dugald McKichan and Alexander Farquharson tramped around the scattered settlements on the island, preaching, distributing tracts, baptizing children and marrying couples. Later the missionaries educated the children of settlers, most of whom lived in miserable conditions. These dedicated men revived Presbyterianism, a wilderness faith, well suited to the spiritual needs of people who lived always on the edge of poverty.

By the 1850s, Presbyterians numbered 26,000 on Cape Breton, and they soon began to believe that they were God's chosen people, rather than a rejected remnant. Stanley's sprightly style rises above the leaden weight of the scholarship that makes the book academically respectable. Her research shows how religious faith can create a sense of community in the wilderness. The author rescues from oblivion Mrs. Isabella Gordon Mackay, a Victorian lady who dedicated much of her life to bringing religion to the people of Cape Breton: She raised the money to send out the right sort of missionary. Stanley also devotes a chapter to that "doughty divine," Norman McLeod, who ruled his congregation with an iron rod. The legacy of these remarkable missionaries and of Isabella Mackay remains in the strict moral code, a Bible-centred faith, and an enlightened interest in education that still marks Presbyterianism on Cape Breton.

Politicians and planners like to believe that they can escape the hand of the past. But the human interactions and problems that emerge from these six books show that history still influences our lives today. Their value lies in showing the real worlds of the early Acadians, the Loyalists, and the first settlers which tend to get drowned these days in sentimental, pseudo-historical mush. ☒







**I**N 1804, NAPOLEON BECAME EMPEROR OF FRANCE, SPAIN DECLARED WAR ON ENGLAND AND MR. LEMON HART OF PENZANCE BECAME PURVEYOR OF RUM TO THE ROYAL NAVY.

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THE DIFFERENCE.**





## OLKS

sells some to hunters and collectors of Maritime folk art, trades some for decoys carved by other craftsmen, and keeps some around for display. "It's cheap advertising for me," he says of the flock on his lawn. "None here has ever been stolen." Oliver, 61, who grew up in Alberton, P.E.I., has had a variety of occupations — from raising Landrace pigs to working as an electrician to running a group home. When he first started carving decoys, he says, his work was pretty crude. "People told me, 'I never saw a goose like that.' It really hurt my feelings at first, but I think I'm getting a little better."

**L**ois and Barry Martin didn't plan to open an art gallery, but when artist friends saw their roomy, renovated living room in downtown St. John's, it didn't take long to persuade them. The Martins call the gallery Waterford Valley, and it's a way for them not only to surround themselves with paintings but also to help friends who, for one reason or another, are fed up with

No sign identifies the Martins' home as Waterford Valley, but they advertise exhibitions in newspapers. Word-of-mouth helps, too. The real drawing card, Barry says, is simply "the quality of the work." Exhibitors include Gerald Squires, Chandra Chopra, Stewart Montgomerie. With its high ceilings, archways and velvet sofas, Waterford Valley is one of the most elegant galleries in eastern Canada. It's fine too, for openings. Barry's an Irishman by birth, Lois' background is St. John's Irish, and they do love a good party.

**H**arry Cuff of St. John's, Nfld., is never going to make a killing in the publishing business, but that doesn't seem to bother him. Cuff, 55, has invested \$100,000 of his own money in his publishing company, Harry Cuff Publications Ltd., since he started it four years ago, and so far, he's made a grand total of \$1,000. "I love the challenge and I love books," he says. "People think I'm crazy to keep publishing, but I can't stop now." This year, in fact, he's decided to cut back his teaching time at Memorial University's education department to only four months so he can spend more time at his unprofitable business. Since 1979, the family-run company has produced 50 books, including children's stories, poetry, Newfoundland history, biographies and fiction. Before he accepts an author's work, he insists on only three things: The writing has to be good; it has to deal with Newfoundland; and he has to like the author. Some of the writers are unknown; others, such as Ray Guy and Harold Horwood, have been writing professionally for years. Cuff admits books will never make him rich, but without him, many Newfoundland writers would never get their first publishing break. And that, he says, is his reward.

**A**s the daughter of a poor, sometime mill worker in Banforth, Me., Dorothy Brooks didn't own a doll until she was eight years old. But she's made up for all that. Today, her home in Fall River, N.S., is stuffed with nearly 1,500 dolls from all over the world. They range from a \$1,000, German-made Armand Marseille with a bisque (glazed white porcelain) head and kid leather body to a tiny, plastic figure she picked up for two cents at a flea market. There are composition (sawdust and glue) dolls, celluloid and china dolls. Half-inch dolls and five-foot dolls. Ninety-three-year old dolls and contemporary dolls. "I consider myself an authority now," says the 50-year-old grandmother and public relations officer. She and her husband, Del, share this passion for dolls, the most popular collection items in North America after stamps and coins. They've paid up to \$400 for a piece, and sell only when they get several of one kind. The display, open to the public on a phone-ahead basis, fills two bedrooms and a porch and includes antique carriages, strollers,



Oliver and some of his 500 wild fowl

**P**eople driving on the Winsloe highway out of Charlottetown often find themselves craning their necks as much as the geese on Lloyd Oliver's front lawn. That's because his home looks like a bird sanctuary at feeding time. On the lawn, more than 50 wooden geese arch their necks, preen themselves or nestle on the grass; altogether, Oliver has about 500 carved geese, ducks, brants, gulls and other wild fowl. He carves them from old cedar telephone poles, using an electric saw and hand tools. He

established galleries. Since Waterford Valley opened in October, 1982, it has sold more than 50 paintings. Barry, 46, is a radiologist at Carbonear General Hospital. He doesn't expect Waterford Valley to earn his family (the Martins have three children) a living: "We just want to break even and cover our overhead." When they sell a painting, the Martins charge the artist a 30% commission, which is less than many galleries take; and if artists find buyers on their own, Waterford Valley charges zilch. "Newfoundland needs a relaxed, casual gallery that local artists can control," Barry says. The Martins allow artists to hang work the way they want, and for as long as they want. While Barry's at the hospital, Lois shows the works to prospective buyers, usually by appointment.





DAVID NICHOLS

#### Brooks: Making up for a doll-less childhood

high chairs and rocking horses. The Brooks hope to expand one day and open "a real tourist place for selling and viewing." But for now, they're being selective about what dolls they buy, so as to avoid being pushed out of their own bedroom. Still, the "Doll Lady of Fall River" would gladly make sacrifices for one. Her "great disappointment" is that she no longer owns that very first doll she got for Christmas 42 years ago.

**I'm the home type," declares Rita MacNeill of Dieppe, N.B.** Good that she is. As a foster mother, MacNeill, 61, has taken 368 charges under her wing in the past 30 years. She began by caring for unwed mothers and babies slated for adoption. But, after looking after a hydrocephalous baby, she decided the physically and mentally handicapped needed her help more. That was 18 years ago, and today, "I'm still doing the same work at the same pace." With the help of daughter Theresa and retired husband,

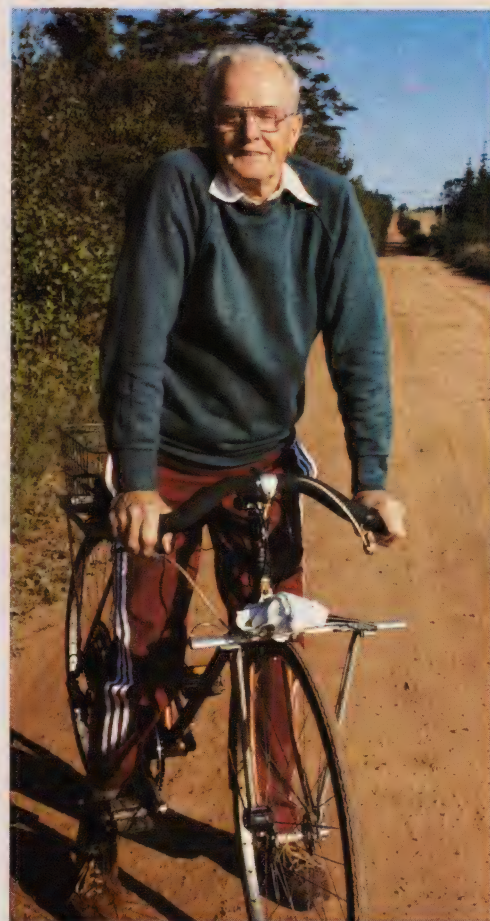
Al, she currently tends to 11 people, ages 18 to 36, in her nine-bedroom home. Another daughter, Sandra, who lives nearby, has extra room in case it's needed. "I'll never see anybody left out," MacNeill says. Last spring she was awarded an Order of Canada at Ottawa ceremonies. An even bigger event was the official opening in August of a swimming pool at the MacNeill summer place in Shediac — a gift from a local man who wanted to help, supplemented by funds from groups as diverse as the students of Mathieu Martin High School in Dieppe and inmates of Dorchester Penitentiary.

**Maurice "Sparky" Lodge, 73,** admits he's a bit of a pain in the neck to guests who just want to watch the clouds go by at his summer cottage in Meadowbank, P.E.I. "When people come out to the cottage and they just want to sit, I try to get them moving, playing horse-shoes or something," he says. Lodge is, to put it mildly, big on fitness. He often bicycles about 60 km a day, and swims and canoes in summer. In winter, because he hates swimming pools, he and his wife, Jean, skate several times a week at an arena in their home town, Charlottetown. On a good day, he skates on the frozen harbor. "I often skate to my cottage in Meadowbank [17 km away] or go up a couple of miles beyond the causeway up the North River," he says. Lodge, a retired electrical engineer, says he's not a health nut, although he's fairly careful about his diet, preferring whole grain cereals and bread, and he quit smoking when he was 60. He hasn't seen his doctor in a year: He has no health problems except that he's slightly hard of hearing, and he's not quite as flexible as he used to be when he was a competitive runner and hockey and rugby player at the University of New Brunswick and Acadia University. "I used to be able to wash my back," he says, "but now I need a long-handled brush."



WAYNE CHASE

MacNeill and foster child Sylvia Augustine



GORD JOHNSTON

Lodge: At 73, he also skates, swims and canoes





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# Healing in mysterious ways

*Even mainstream churchmen are getting interested in the healing power of faith. So are a few doctors*

By David Folster,  
research by Marilee Little

**M**onique Peries is a full-blooded Huron Indian with red hair, flawless tawny skin and large amber eyes that look right through you. When she comes to rural community halls, as she has on this day to Penniac, near Fredericton, N.B., the maimed, halt and afflicted flock to her, hoping to be healed.

Working behind a screen, Peries treats one person at a time. She places two fingers near the heart and then gently runs her hands over the head, eyes and ears and down the body. She claims she can see the body as an x-ray and, after telling the "patient" what is wrong, she prescribes natural remedies — a tablespoon of warm lemon juice before bed for a person suffering chronic nervousness, for example. She says, "I have the energy to revitalize the organs of the body, but the scientists don't understand this." No wonder. It is, of course, quackery. Or is it?

Peries, who refers to her skill as her "science," emphatically rejects the term faith-healing, which has had a seedy reputation for years. But today its basic tenet — the power of mind over body — is drawing more attention. Even mainstream churchmen are getting interested. More significant, medical science has at last turned on. Glory be and hallelujah.

In medicine, of course, it isn't called faith-healing. The operative word is psychotherapy, and it's part of psychosomatic medicine. It isn't exactly a "hot" field yet — this summer's World Congress on Psychosomatic Medicine in Hamburg, West Germany, drew 600 delegates from 33 countries but was still much smaller than the usual conventions of internists, surgeons and psychiatrists.

But, increasingly, the press is reporting evidence of links between the psyche and physical ailments. These include not only classical psycho-

somatic disorders like anorexia nervosa and ulcers, but also heart disease, high blood pressure, even cancer. As a research psychologist told the *Toronto Globe and Mail*: "You can't view the mind and body as separate entities anymore."

The interesting thing is that fundamentalist preachers have been saying roughly this for ages. So have other Bible men. "More things are wrought by prayer/Than this world dreams of," wrote Alfred, Lord Tennyson. But we are not talking here of miracles. We are defining a psychological harnessing of internal energy so that the mind exercises control over physical disease. Far-fetched? Read on.

Ancient physicians spoke of *vis medicatrix naturae*, the healing power of nature. At the turn of the century, William Osler, head of the department of medicine at Baltimore's famed Johns Hopkins Hospital, had great success as a healer. He attributed many of his cures to faith,

optimism and cheerful nurses. And Dr. William Henry Welch, the main architect of American scientific medicine, once wrote of his father, also a doctor: "The instant he entered the sick room, the patient felt better. The art of healing seemed to surround his physical body like an aura; it was often not his treatment but his presence that cured."

One celebrated recent case was that of Norman Cousins, the American writer and editor. Told that he had an incurable degenerative disease, Cousins decided to treat himself with a prescription of hope, love, vitamin C and laughter — the last achieved by watching episodes of *Candid Camera* and old Marx Brothers comedies. It worked. "The positive emotions," concluded Cousins, "are life-giving experiences."

Or consider the case of Karen Fage, a young woman from Montreal told two years ago she had cancer. Visiting Fredericton last Christmas, she sat one evening with a group of meditators who offered to try to extirpate the cancer by collectively transferring their internal energies to her.

A participant in the session later said it left some of the meditators limp. Did it work? Well, today Fage, having undergone no other treatment, is free of cancer and living at Boston's Hippocrates Health Institute,

where the guiding principle is that "the only cause of disease is failure to follow the natural laws." The institute strives to put people in touch with their own internal "natural healer" and to banish body toxins (fat, sugar, salt, chemical additives, flesh foods) with a vegetarian diet that is heavy on wheat grass, sprouts and assorted vegetable juices. Meanwhile, Fage, a native of Truro, N.S., is planning a book about her cure.

Not surprisingly, many doctors caught up in the rapid technological change of conventional medicine have only lately come to the "holistic" approach — treatment of the whole person, mind and body, rather than individual parts. Some still have no time for it.

An exception is family physician Sydney Grant of Fredericton, who says flatly: "I believe there is as much reason to be healing by faith as by any other means." As a member of an ecumenical organization called Faith at Work, part of the charismatic movement (which holds that laymen



Peries: "I have the energy to revitalize the organs of the body"



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## RELIGION

have a spiritual gift, like teaching, healing or prophecy, that can benefit others), Grant attends meetings and workshops all over the country. He hears stories of faith-healings regularly from fellow participants.

"When I learn of a healing from one of these individuals, I give credence to it," he says.

Does this mean all people have the potential to heal themselves?

"No, I believe sickness, disease and death are a part of life and must be accepted as such and not thought of as evil or negative." Sometimes it's more important that a spiritual healing occur — of personality, memory, relationships or attitudes.

The Catholic Church has long believed in faith healing. It has famous shrines, like Lourdes, and little-known ones, like Skiff Lake, N.B., where cures are attributed to a small relic from St. Francis of Assisi. Many of the Quebec shrines display racks of crutches, braces and orthopedic shoes abandoned by those who've supposedly been cured. To non-believers, the scene and the notion are ridiculous. But at the root of many of these shrines is a human being — the celebrated Brother André, for example, who is entombed at Montreal's St. Joseph's Oratory — who was, at the very least, an extraordinary psychologist in whom people placed great faith.

**T**he Pentecostal Church bases its teachings on a literal interpretation of the Bible. Scriptural passages such as Mark 16:18 ("... they shall lay hands on the sick, and they shall recover") are regularly invoked, and healing is part of church services. "You couldn't be a believer and not believe in healing because it is part of God's word," says June Pangburn, wife of Penecostal minister Lloyd Pangburn.

Darlene Price, a nurse whose son Albert was born without arches in his feet, says they were restored by a healing by Pangburn, pastor of Sunset Drive Pentecostal Church in Fredericton. But she's reluctant to talk about it because "for the real, there's always the counterfeited." For every genuine cure, there is an elaborate faith-healing junket to the Philippines or somewhere that relieves the sufferer only of a lot of money.

At the Life Tabernacle United Pentecostal Church on Hanwell Road in Fredericton, Pastor Lloyd Williams conducts healing services whenever there's a need. Having experienced healing within his own family, he uses prayer, laying on of hands, and anointing with olive oil. He says primitive cultures have tended to put more store in faith-healing because "they have nothing to lose by believing. Here people tend to put their trust in Medicare, and that takes away from their faith."

The conservatism of the established

churches inhibits them from embracing faith-healing. Williams mentions a friend, a United Church minister, who would like to practise it but is afraid of his congregation's reaction. ("It's been abused in some cases, and some people are scared of it," the minister says.)

But times are changing. Rev. Arthur Gregg, rector of St. John's Anglican Church in Fredericton, conducts weekly Tuesday night sessions that sometimes include laying on of hands, prayer and anointing with oil. "Interest in healing has been a growing thing for me," he says. It's been partly sparked by studies with Rev. Everett L. Fullam, whose "renewal ministries" in Darien, Conn., have attracted widespread attention.

The Anglican Church, Gregg says, is currently undergoing tremendous renewal. "What's happening is that the church is now looking at the basics of the scriptures and following the scriptures." The Bible is full of references to healing by faith, but during growth of the Knowledge Movement, churches like the Anglican and United got away from adhering strictly to the scriptures. Now they're coming back. Pentecostals may be forgiven for saying that they've been there all along.

Echoing the experience of the meditators who sat down with Karen Fage, Gregg says that during a laying on of hands procedure, he's felt tremendous energy surging through him and out his arms. Another Anglican, Rev. Jon Lownds, says the same thing of an experience he had in Ottawa. A woman left deaf by meningitis requested a healing. Lownds, then a church deacon, was asked to join her friends in a laying on of hands. Embarrassed and unsure of himself, he participated nonetheless and still remembers the sensation of energy passing through him. The woman's hearing was restored. "That was the beginning of my becoming aware," Lownds says.

Today Lownds, who lives in Zealand, N.B., is involved with Schools of Pastoral Care, which conducts teaching conferences (there's one in Saint John in November) for clergy, doctors, social workers and others interested in directing spiritual energies at healing the assorted ills of humanity.

Of course medical doctors have said for a long time that a patient's attitude is all-important in mounting a recovery. What's significant now is that science is beginning to quantify this relationship between one's emotional and physical well-being.

Researchers in several parts of the world are working on links between depression and cancer. To some, the evidence is inescapable. An American study of 2,000 Western Electric employees found that psychological depression was related to "a two-fold increase in the odds of death from cancer during 17 years of follow-up." Another study recently reported by *Science* magazine



showed that laboratory rats lacking the means to control stress, in this case a mild electrical shock, experienced a breakdown of their immune systems and a severe reduction in the ability to resist disease.

Scientists also say that a traumatic event early in life, perhaps the death of a parent, can "imprint" a psychological scar on a youngster that manifests itself as physical illness later on. It's known that premature separation of young animals from their mothers alters their brain metabolism and enzyme production and leads to disease.

Dutch psychiatrist Jan Bastianns participated in a study involving two groups of high-risk cancer patients. One group received psychotherapy, the other didn't. By late summer, 35 in the non-therapy group had died; only seven in the therapy contingent died. Dr. Bastianns's conclusion is that, even with terminal cancer cases, psychotherapy can work.


"I certainly do believe people can heal themselves," declares Bob O'Brien, a family counsellor and psychotherapist in Saint John. "We don't understand the powers of the mind at all. We use only a small proportion of what our minds are capable of."

But a mind with the power to heal can, conversely, cause disease. "I've seen people in my practice who literally talk themselves into cancer. They become convinced they have it, and eventually they do indeed get it." So, O'Brien says,

it's a matter of thinking positively — and believing that people have the inner resources to achieve good health. Even Dr. Albert Schweitzer had time for African witch doctors. Who's to say that today's faith-healing may not be tomorrow's accepted medical practice?

In the Penniac Recreation Centre, people have been visiting Monique Peries all morning. "I see her every chance I get," says Myrtle Wilson, 81, who claims to have been cured of arthritis. Alice Harriott says Monique rid her son Robert, 17, of asthma. And Lester Dow, 74, declares that, after his visit to her, malignant facial growths "disappeared right away."

But the most compelling endorsement

comes from a retired Roman Catholic priest, Rev. Everett Grant. More than a year ago, doctors found he had cancer of the lymph nodes. He was waiting to start chemotherapy and cobalt treatments in Saint John when a friend told him about Monique Peries. "I gave myself over to her. I had complete confidence in her as soon as I saw her." He visited her for six weeks; she gave him vitamins and prescribed tea made from red spruce bark. He says he's been cured. "I feel great. I've put on 20 to 25 pounds." Now he brings other hopeful sufferers into her comforting space. "It's beautiful," he says, "that things like this exist in this crazy mixed-up world today." 

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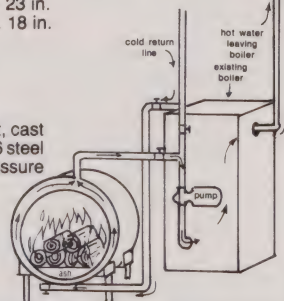
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# CALENDAR

## NOVA SCOTIA

Nov. — Nova Scotia Voyageurs play: Baltimore, Nov. 2; New Haven, Nov. 4; Maine, Nov. 6; St. Catharines, Nov. 10; Binghamton, Nov. 13; Sherbrooke, Nov. 16; Moncton, Nov. 20

Nov. — Mulgrave Road Co-op Theatre: "Holy Ghosters," Nov. 2-5, Halifax; Nov. 6, Windsor; Nov. 12, Annapolis Royal; Nov. 13, Lunenburg

Nov. — The Gilbert and Sullivan Society of N.S. performs costumed and staged segments from three popular operettas plus the one-act comedy, "The Zoo," a Canadian première. Nov. 19: Truro Alumni Theatre (NSAC); Nov. 25, 26: Saint Mary's University Theatre, Halifax

Nov. — Neptune Theatre: "West Side Story," "Romeo and Juliet," Halifax

Nov. 2-30 — Lew Parker sketches and drawings, College of Cape Breton Art Gallery, Sydney

Nov. 10-13 — N.S. Drama League Festival, Agricultural College, Truro

Nov. 12 — N.S. Track and Field Association Cross Country Championships, Point Pleasant Park, Halifax

Nov. 12 — N.S. Rugby Football Union division championships. Site determined by top division finalist

Nov. 12 — Christmas Tea and Craft Sale, West LaHave

Nov. 14 — Lawrence Cherney, oboist, and William Aide, pianist, Acadia University, Wolfville

Nov. 17-20 — Christmas at the Forum: Crafts and Antique Festival, Halifax

Nov. 24-27 — N.S. Designer Craftsmen Annual Christmas Market, Metro Centre, Halifax

Nov. 26 — Christmas Craft Market, Shelburne

Nov. 26 — "Anonymus" performs, Acadia University, Wolfville

Nov. 26, 27 — "Merchant of Venice," Playhouse, College of Cape Breton, Sydney

## NEW BRUNSWICK

Nov. — Theatre New Brunswick: "Sinners," Nov. 1, Sussex; Nov. 2-4, Saint John; Nov. 5, St. Stephen. "The Little Sweep," Nov. 28, Edmundston; Nov. 29, Campbellton; Nov. 30, Bathurst

Nov. — Dinner Theatre: The Comedy Asylum performs "Murder at the Wandlyn Inn," Nov. 4, 5, 6, 11, 13, 25, 26, Fredericton; Nov. 14, 15, Amherst; Nov. 16-20, Moncton

Nov. — New Brunswick Museum: Loyalist exhibit; Jack Humphrey and Miller Brittain; 19th Century Art; Joanne Fitzpatrick; Furniture. Saint John

Nov. — Moncton Alpines play: New Haven, Nov. 2; Baltimore, Nov. 4; New Haven, Nov. 6; Maine, Nov. 9; Sherbrooke, Nov. 12; St. Catharines, Nov. 13; Binghamton, Nov. 16; Nova Scotia, Nov. 19

Nov. — Fredericton Express play: Maine, Nov. 10; St. Catharines, Nov. 12; Sherbrooke, Nov. 15; Binghamton, Nov. 17; Springfield, Nov. 28

Nov. 1-12 — CIL Art Collection, National Exhibition Centre, Fredericton

Nov. 1-27 — "Mon Père a Fait Batir une Maison," Musée Acadien, National Exhibition Centre, Fredericton

Nov. 1-29 — Hazel Hazen retrospective, City Hall Exhibit Gallery, Saint John

Nov. 6-19 — Suezan Aikins: Watercolors and woodblock prints, Gallery 78, Fredericton

Nov. 7 — Anagonosm and Kniton (piano duo), Saint John Arts Council, Saint John

Nov. 11-13 — Maritime Invitational Squash Tournament, Moncton

Nov. 17-19 — Antique Showsales, Riverview Mall, Riverview

Nov. 19 — Santa Claus Parade, Saint John

## NEWFOUNDLAND

Nov. — Newfoundland Dance Theatre: 400th Anniversary Project, Nov. 8, Gander; Nov. 9, Grand Falls; Nov. 10, Corner Brook; Nov. 12, Stephenville

Nov. — Mermaid Theatre, Nov. 1, Springdale; Nov. 2, Corner Brook; Nov. 3, Stephenville; Nov. 4, Port aux Basques

Nov. 2-6 — Newfoundland Dance Theatre: Fresh Dances Watered, depicts life in Nfld., LSPU Hall, St. John's

Nov. 2-27 — R. Murray Schafer: Sounds Unseen, Memorial University Art Gallery, St. John's

Nov. 16-27 — Rising Tide Theatre performs, LSPU Hall, St. John's

Nov. 18-26 — "Pajama Game," Arts and Culture Centre, St. John's

## PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

Nov. 1-6 — Island Nature Photographers Exhibit, Eptek National Exhibition Centre, Summerside

Nov. 1 - Dec. 2 — The Finest Art: Jennifer Whittlesey and Jonni Turner, Great George St. Gallery, Charlottetown

Nov. 2 — Sharon Lois and Bram, matinee and evening show, Confederation Centre, Charlottetown

Nov. 3-27 — Three from P.E.I.: Chodorow, Rutherford, Woolnough, Confederation Centre Art Gallery, Charlottetown

Nov. 5 — Dunk River Run, Central Bedeque

Nov. 5 — Mozart choral concert, Confederation Centre, Charlottetown

Nov. 7-26 — Student exhibit, Beginnings, Holland College, Charlottetown

Nov. 8 — Salt marsh life display, Eptek National Exhibition Centre, Summerside

Nov. 16 - Dec. 18 — William Blair Bruce exhibit, Confederation Centre Art Gallery, Charlottetown

Nov. 25-27 — P.E.I. Junior Squash Open, Charlottetown

Nov. 26 — Barbershoppers, Confederation Centre, Charlottetown

Nov. 28 - Dec. 10 — Island Art Collection: Second Acquisition Exhibit, Holland College, Charlottetown

Nov. 30 — Frank Mills, pianist, Confederation Centre, Charlottetown

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# The dark, stark world of Gerald Squires

*Not everyone is comfortable with the tortured, macabre images created by this Newfoundland artist. That doesn't seem to bother him*

By Bonnie Woodworth

A lot of Gerry Squires' paintings make people uncomfortable. Their dark hues, emaciated figures and barren landscapes are not the kind of images most people like to see on their walls. Even Squires shudders when he thinks about the effect some of his art has had on people.

"I remember a portrait commission I did a few years ago of a Hungarian dancer," he says, clasping his head in his hands. "I don't know why but it turned out really grey and stark, as if the woman were carrying the weight of the world on her shoulders. When her husband saw it his reaction was, 'Did I do that to you?' [meaning his wife]. He was horrified."

The couple didn't buy the portrait; Squires later sold it to a psychiatrist in St. John's. But even if he had tried to portray the dancer in some other way, he says, he couldn't have. That was his impression of her at the time, and no amount of politeness could persuade him to reproduce a picture-postcard likeness.

Squires, 45 and a native Newfoundlander, admits that his inclination to put his own ideas into portraits isn't always popular with models. That's why he now avoids commissions unless he knows his subjects and has an emotional link with them.

He painted "Ruth," a recent portrait that he considers one of his strongest — and he has done hundreds — last June at Lewisporte on Newfoundland's northeast coast. Ruth Black was one of Squires' childhood friends from nearby Exploits Island. Although they spent only a couple of years there together, they share a lot of memories.

Ruth's mother and both of Squires' parents were Salvation Army officers. As children, they were steeped in religion. And as adults, they watched in horror while their home town was decimated by

the Newfoundland government's resettlement program in the mid-1960s. (That's when thousands of people were moved from outports into urban centres, leaving ghost towns all over the province.)

When Squires was a teenager, he moved to Toronto with his family, later studying drawing at the Ontario College of Art and in Mexico under graphic artist Carl Pappe. Eventually, he landed a job as an illustrator with the now-defunct Toronto *Telegram*, and worked there for 10 years, painting in a serious vein in his spare time. Ruth stayed in Newfoundland and became a radar operator with the Canadian Armed Forces. Their careers couldn't have been more

sion by the Canadian Catholic Conference of Bishops. The painting depicts Christ in a Newfoundland landscape. His hands are larger than normal to emphasize that he was a carpenter, and his face is thin, almost gaunt, to show that he was a man of the earth and toiled like other craftsmen.

Two of Squires' earlier religious works that were exhibited in Toronto are *St. Francis of Assisi* and *The Canticles of St. John of the Cross*. (Actor Vincent Price has bought most of the St. Francis series, a collection of 10 pen-and-ink drawings.) The Canticles are acrylics on canvas and combine the mysticism of spiritual search with sensual images — lush flowers, abstract figures of lovers.

In 1965, Squires moved back to Newfoundland with his wife, Gail, and their

two daughters, Esther and Miranda. He was fed up with the commercialism of the Toronto art scene and uncertain about his own future. They lived first on Exploits and then on the west coast in an outport in Gros Morne National Park. The mountainous terrain and isolation were calming influences after the hustle of a daily newspaper. But Squires says he felt restricted in his work. He had always associated Newfoundland with the flat, barren landscape of Exploits, and he found the mountains inhibiting.

His major work during this period was *The Wanderer* series (1965-1970), a collection of 25 acrylics, each four by three feet and each containing a solitary figure alone in his landscape. The figure symbolized Squires searching in his home province for a more meaningful existence.

Newfoundland, at this time, was experiencing what some people have called a cultural renaissance. Artists, poets, musicians and theatre groups were singing their island's praises and denouncing government policies and programs that had contributed to the erosion of traditional outport life.



Squires in his lighthouse studio: "I couldn't escape the images."

different, but their childhood bonds remained.

"I never missed a stroke the whole time I was painting her portrait," Squires says with satisfaction. "It was like a musician's finest hour; every note was flawless. Both of us were thinking about Exploits during the sitting, and there was a direct line of communication between us."

Squires clings to the familiar in all of his paintings — friends, family, surroundings. Religion is also a dominant theme: Man's continual search for salvation and the struggle to be rid of guilt. One of his most moving religious paintings is "Son of Man," a 1975 commis-

PHOTOS BY BUCHHEIT/PHOTON

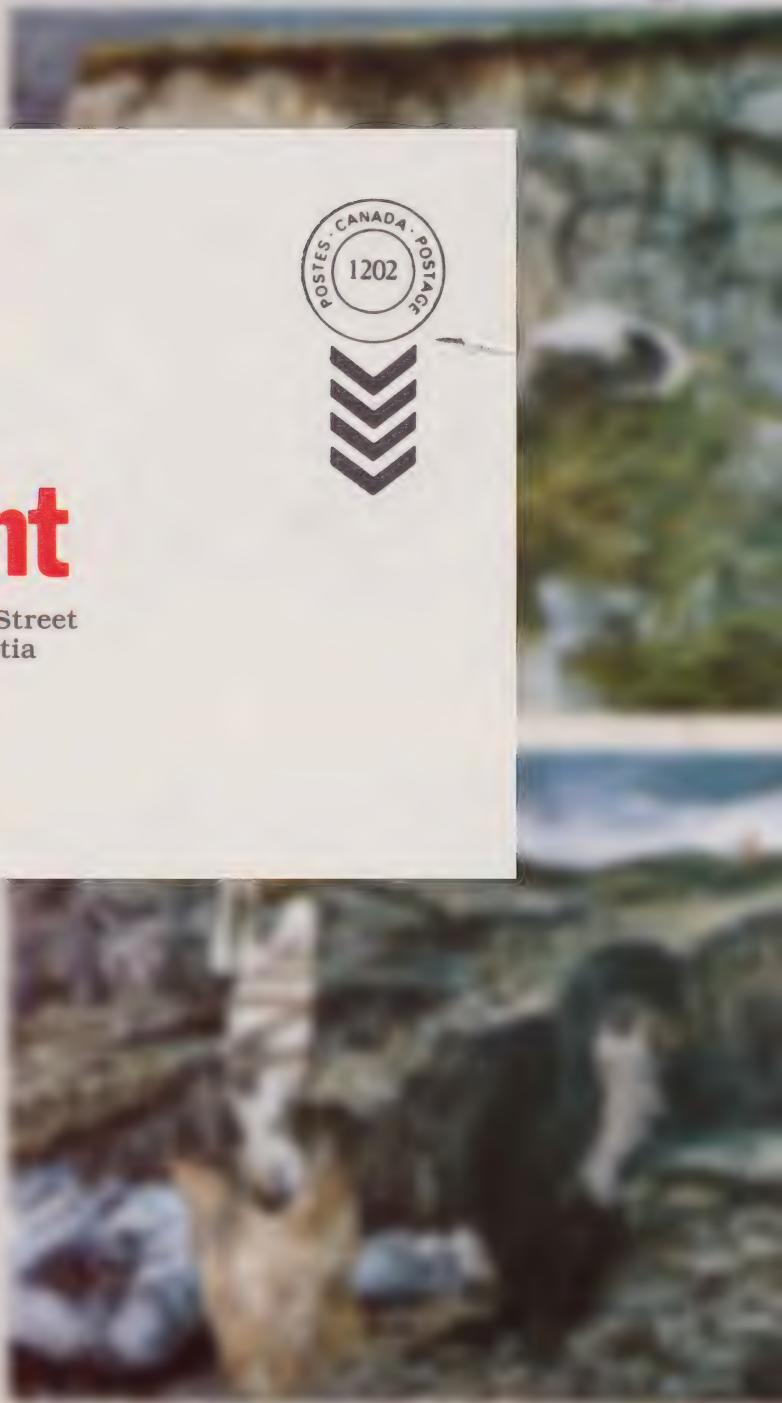


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# The dark, stark world of Gerald Squires

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**A** dark, stark world of Gerald Squires. The artist's work is a powerful statement on the human condition, often depicting figures in a desolate, almost apocalyptic landscape. His use of light and shadow creates a haunting atmosphere that draws the viewer into a world of profound suffering and resilience.

The Newfoundland artist's work is a powerful statement on the human condition, often depicting figures in a desolate, almost apocalyptic landscape. His use of light and shadow creates a haunting atmosphere that draws the viewer into a world of profound suffering and resilience.

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*The Royal Visit*  
An album by Gerald Squires, 1988

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Squires became part of that movement. His painting "Resettlement" expresses the bitterness and emotionalism with which the island's artistic community launched its attack. The painting shows a provincial social services officer standing with his briefcase in an outport graveyard. In the background is a lone fisherman in his dory.

In retrospect, Squires says the movement temporarily gave him a sense of direction, but it didn't resolve his inner turmoil. By 1971, he and his family were ready to move again, this time to a retired lighthouse at Ferryland, 150 km south of St. John's. The Newfoundland Historical Society, which owned the lighthouse, rented it to Squires for \$5 a month.

The lighthouse is at the end of a spit of land that juts for three miles into the Atlantic from the fishing village of Ferryland. The bleak, wind-swept landscape, devoid of anything but grass and low-lying shrub, is buried in a dense layer of fog most of the year. But Squires was attracted to the place because it reminded him of Exploits.

The next five years were intense. He plunged into his work, unintentionally cutting off his friends and sometimes his family. Images he envisioned in the Ferryland downs came to haunt him — skeleton-like faces, broken limbs, empty crosses, bound figures. "It was hell," Squires says, "the most painful time of my life. I couldn't escape the images. They were everywhere, in my soup, in my dreams, everywhere."

The end product was *The Boatman*, a series of 11 acrylic paintings, some on canvas and some on paper, and all sharing a common image — a solitary boatman juxtaposed on the Ferryland landscape. The boatman, in Squires' imagery, is pitted against nature, religion, personal conflicts and the forces of evil. But he refuses to succumb to any of them.

Squires regards the series as a voyage into the subconscious. They were first shown at the Memorial University Art Gallery in 1976 and were later exhibited in British Columbia, Prince Edward Island and New Brunswick. Their titles were taken from Dylan Thomas' "Ballad of the Long-Legged Bait" and include "No More May Gulls Cry at Their Ears," "Time is Bearing Another Son," and "Venus Lies Starstruck in Her Wound." Probably Squires' most powerful paintings, *The Boatman* series exhausted him. He wanted to rest, and he turned to the landscape for solace.

His next series, *The Ferryland Downs*, was a collection of 12 paintings and 10 pen-and-ink drawings of the area's beaten turf, craggy shores and foreboding skyline. The landscapes lacked the macabre images that had dominated his previous work, and some art reviewers weren't happy about this. But Squires was relieved. "For me, *The Downs* were a reprieve. For the first time in years, I was relaxed and led a normal life. I actually went to parties and was

able to talk about my work."

Commercially, they were Squires' most successful paintings, some selling for \$6,000 apiece. Some art critics, However, called the paintings "weary" and "an intellectual cop-out." "People like to think of me as some kind of a madman going nuts in an isolated light-house," Squires observes. "*The Downs* spoiled that image."

Patricia Grattan, curator of the Memorial University Art gallery, described the paintings in *Arts Atlantic* as the back-drop to Squires' latest work, the *Cassandra* series. Cassandra, in Greek mythology, had the power of prophecy, but no one would believe her warnings until it was too late. Squires says he doesn't intend to predict the future in his paintings; he simply used the name as a springboard for his imagination.

The series, with 32 paintings and drawings, is filled with tortured images similar to those in *The Boatman*. However, the tone is not as confrontational, as if Squires were now more comfortable with his visions.

Grattan doesn't expect them to be big sellers, except with institutional buyers, because of their personal nature. She says *The Boatman* represented the Newfoundlanders' struggle with outside forces and people could relate to that. But in *Cassandra*, the paintings are much more emotional and private.

Squires admits they aren't very salable, but that doesn't seem to bother him. "Painting is a learning process for me. I tap the sources of my subconscious imagery and then report my findings. That's an artist's responsibility, even though he may be rejected and his ravings rebuked." *Cassandra*, first shown at Memorial in September, probably will tour the

Maritimes and central Canada this winter.

Squires relies on his intuition rather than his intellect to direct him in his work. He says he never knows when he starts a painting what it's going to be about or where it's going to end. Instead, he lets the paint act as a catalyst; from its contours, shapes are suggested that he either builds on or replaces with new ones. The images, however, are always religious, combative, physically distorted and personal.

"I've been painting the same painting all my life," Squires says. "When you really take a look at my work, you'll see that I was painting the same images when I was 21 that I am at 45. The ideas are just developed differently." ☒



*Cassandra* series: Emotional and private paintings



*The Boatmen* series: A voyage into the subconscious



## PHOTO CONTEST WINNERS



1ST PRIZE: "Charlottetown Harbor" Evelyn Molyneaux , Cornwall, PEI

### The 3rd Annual Photo Contest

#### The Judges

Wade Yorke, Master of Photographic Arts, Carsand-Mosher Ltd.  
Bill Richardson, Art Director, *Atlantic Insight*  
David Nichols, Photography Director, *Atlantic Insight*

#### The Prizes

1st Prize: Nikon FE2  
2nd Prize: Nikon FG Compact SLR  
3rd Prizes: Nikon L35  
All prizes were supplied by Carsand-Mosher Photographic Ltd.



2ND PRIZE. "Lingan, Cape Breton" Glen Petrie, Toronto, Ont.





## It gets harder and harder to be a winner

**D**avid Nichols, *Atlantic Insight* photography director, started banging his head on the wall.

"You know what? We forgot to say thank you."

Dave had just finished shipping back all the non-winning entries in this year's photo contest, and he had forgotten to include the note of thanks.

So to everyone who entered but didn't win, please accept our sincerest thank you. Plus our congratulations on the exceptionally high over-all quality, and please accept this invitation to try again.

You can see from the winning pictures shown here that the level of competition was very high. There's no question in the minds of the judges that picking the winners gets tougher and tougher every year. This time, the final choices came only after long and very thoughtful consideration by our three experts.

As it happened, all the winners had entered color shots (although we can only show the 1st and 2nd prize winners in their full glory).

But that's not to say that the black-and-white submissions weren't up to snuff, or that the judges have a preference for color. It's just one of those things. The judging was extremely close among the winners and the half-dozen runners-up.

Maybe next year. Because it does pay to keep on trying.

Look at Michael Carroll of Sydney, N.S. Last year he won a Minolta. This year he picks up a Nikon. The question is, Did he win this year's prize with last year's prize?

That ominous gathering of storm clouds in Glen Petrie's prize-winning shot of Lingan leads you to ponder if a shot of some place here in the midst of a cats-and-dogs rainstorm could ever hope to capture the gold.

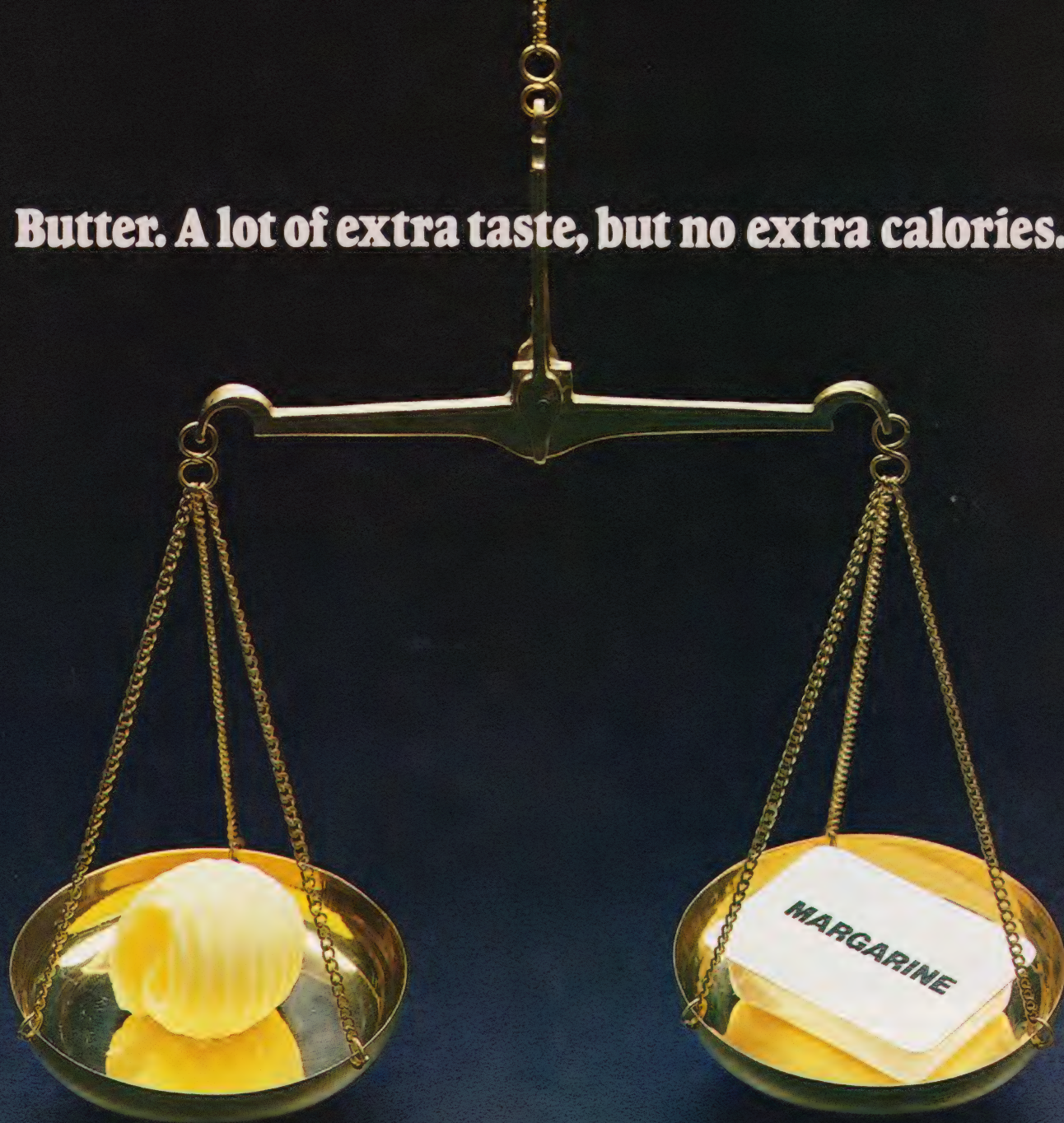
As for Evelyn Molyneaux's gorgeous photograph of Charlottetown harbor. It could well be that this is the proof of that old adage: One picture is worth a thousand words. ☒



**3RD PRIZES:** "One last effort" Bob Semple, Waverley, N.S. — Upper Left  
 "Peggy's Cove" Richard B. Leadon, Timberlea, N.S. — Upper Right  
 "Ingonish Ferry" Michael Carroll, Sydney, N.S. — Lower Right



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Salt

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P.S. Refrigerate to store.

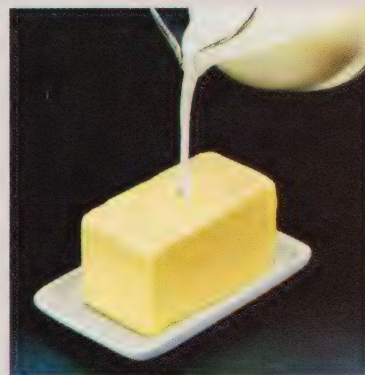
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**It only takes a little butter  
to make a lot of difference.**



## EDUCATION

# The prime of Margaret Fulton

*Making waves at Canada's only women's university was just a small step in this provocative feminist's campaign to change the world*

By Rachelle Henderson

On a bedroom shelf in Margaret Fulton's comfortable northwest Halifax home, a tiny photograph embalms in black and white the confident smiles of three uniformed young men. It was 1942, and they were happy, healthy, soldiers-to-be from the prairies, not much more than boys. Fulton, president of the only women's university in Canada, and a passionate, single-minded feminist, is making a point. She grew up with these boys, she explains, in the hardworking world of Birtle, Man., during the Depression. Then they went off to the Second World War. "All of them," she says, "were killed."

The war wiped out much of the male half of Fulton's generation, inadvertently setting this provocative president of Halifax's Mount Saint Vincent University on the way to a few battles of her own. For one thing, it thinned out potential husbands. Though spinsterhood might seem only fitting for a 61-year-old feminist, this one likes to make it clear she's no man-hater. "That stereotype is nonsense," she says. "There simply weren't that many men left to choose from after the war. Besides, I'd never be where I am or have done the things I've done, if I'd gone the traditional route and got married."

What she has done, is graduated over the years from being a teacher in a typical one-room prairie school house to being head of a unique, 3,000-student, Maritime university. But it's more than personal ambition that propels her. Fulton wants to change things, to destroy the ways of a man's world she blames for the "folly" of war that's killed millions of men like her young friends. For her, the ideals of feminism are the guide to the change that will save the world.

When Mount Saint Vincent's search committee chose Margaret Fulton as the university's new president in 1978, it looked, as one observer put it, "like the ecumenical movement run amok." Here was a devoted feminist, a supporter of birth control and pensions for housewives who boasts of being a "good,

prairie Protestant," taking over a post Catholic nuns had held for 105 years. "It was an enormously important step for the Mount to take," says Ruth Goldbloom, board of governors chairman at the time, and, as a Jew, herself an example of the university's ever-growing liberalism and pragmatism.

Yet the Mount has been unconventional from the start. Elizabeth Bayley Seton, a widowed mother-turned-nun canonized in 1975, founded the order of the Sisters of Charity in the early 1800s. They went on to set up the Mount as a Catholic girl's academy in 1873, when higher education for women was consid-

own the Mount, and it was they who finally approved Fulton's nomination. "We recognized that times had changed," explains General Superior Sr. Paule Cantin. "We couldn't say we were looking for the best candidate and then exclude someone on the basis of their religion. That would be a real violation of human rights." If Fulton's religion wasn't the best they could have hoped for, her commitment to women was unquestionable. "We were looking for someone with concern for women, and Dr. Fulton's feminism was more of a boost to her application than a detriment," says Sr. Catherine O'Toole, general superior in 1978. But they're quick to point out that though Fulton isn't one of *them*, the Mount's choice for president that year wasn't a total break with tradition. Cantin is firm about this. "Dr. Fulton is a very fine Christian woman," she stresses, "who shares our Christian values and concerns."

Still, their decision surprised Fulton. All she thought she'd gained from a trip to Halifax for the interview was a print she'd picked up by Newfoundland artist Christopher Pratt that, oddly, reminds her of her childhood home in Birtle. But offered the job, she stepped down as dean of women at the University of British Columbia and snapped it up.

Neither she nor the Mount has ever looked back. "There was a totally different feeling there before Dr. Fulton," recalls Debbie Pottie Mathe-son, class of '74 and now the Mount's alumni association president. "I've gone to many Catholic institutions and found people tend to put the sisters on a pedestal and believe they can never be on their level. But with Dr. Fulton, you can meet her head-on anytime." Alice MacKichan, last year's student council president, agrees. "She takes a very active interest in the students and she always stops to talk to individual students in the hall. She does things on a one-to-one basis."

The Margaret Fulton wandering about her house in jeans on a Saturday morning — enthusiastically recounting for a visitor the story behind a

wonderful brass rubbing on her wall, or a scimitar letter opener from Malaysia on her table, or anything else in the international clutter of gifts she's received from students and friends — is undeniably warm and expansive. When a deliveryman arrives bearing a mixed bouquet from a not-so-anonymous male admirer,



Fulton wants to overhaul the whole so-called male power structure

ered somewhat heretical. The academy grew into the Commonwealth's only independent women's college in 1925, and into a full-blown university just 17 years ago. Now less than half its students are Catholic, and it's been admitting men since 1971.

But the Sisters of Charity still legally

PHOTOS BY DAVID NICHOLS



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## EDUCATION

Fulton is positively rapturous. "Oh, just look at these," she gushes, as though it didn't happen all the time (it does). "Aren't they beautiful!"

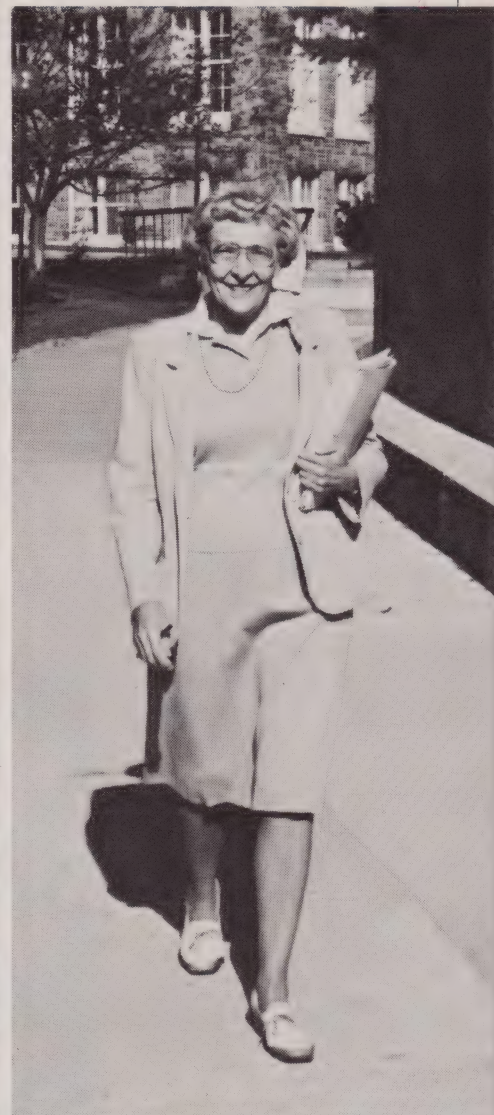
Otherwise, with her thick-rimmed glasses and pageboy-styled grey hair framing an ordinarily makeup-free face, Fulton is utterly no-nonsense, sometimes abrupt and often impatient. "She's not the kind of person I'd be best friends with," says one Mount colleague. "She does not suffer fools gladly, and she really can be quite impatient and quick with people. But she's a workaholic and is very, very devoted to the institution."

As both student and teacher, Fulton has seen first-hand the workings of many such institutions: The University of Manitoba (where she earned her bachelor of arts degree in 1955), the University of Toronto, Wilfred Laurier University in Waterloo, and UBC. The U of T awarded her a PhD in Victorian literature when she was 46, and she later returned to UBC. By then she had come to despise what she calls the "all-male hierarchies" and their "paternalistic" way of dealing with female students and staff. So, in four years at UBC, Fulton set up counselling services for women, won equal pay for female professors and helped establish a women's academic association to fight that hierarchy. But these she regards as mere "patchwork" victories. Fulton wants to overhaul the whole so-called male power structure — inside universities and out.

"Simply to say that all women have to do to succeed is to be like men, to say they can compete with men within the structures as they exist, is ridiculous. The systems exclude them because they are designed to support the person who can go to work early in the morning and work all day without any distractions. That means someone who doesn't have to stop to take a kid to daycare, or pick the kid up or get him to the dentist — all the things a mother has to do."

A more understanding society, Fulton argues, would make it easier for women to get ahead. And, she says, once more women hold powerful jobs and begin replacing what she sees as the male tendency to compete and conquer with "feminine values," wars will be rarer. "I certainly don't think that all men are killers and all women nurturers; that would be too simplistic. But I think on balance, what have been women's contributions to society have never been translated to the levels where decisions are made. That's why we get decisions which always move toward confrontations of power."

Fulton dismisses as "pseudo-males" women leaders such as India's Indira Gandhi and Britain's Margaret Thatcher who have proven as quick as any man to send in the troops. "They have risen up through that competitive, conquering society," Fulton contends, "so of course



Fulton has put the Mount on the map

they're not going to act any differently than men. We don't want to be any part of that. We want to change the rules, to have a society which is nurturing, which believes in the values women have stood for."

The Mount is a microcosm of Fulton's "nurturing" society. She has introduced flexible hours for students such as single parents who have outside commitments, and has even devised a \$10, 10-lecture tryout pass for those who might be too timid to attend university otherwise. Many women — especially the one half of the university's students who are over 25 — need the Mount as an alternative to co-ed institutions where they're often intimidated by men, Fulton says. And she insists that graduates of such a cocoon are fully prepared to deal with men on the outside. "When they've come through a system where they've had a supportive environment and where they haven't been thrown into that kind of competitive situation with the opposite sex," she argues, "they gain con-



fidence in themselves. So, when they're out in the world working, they meet men much more as equals because they have a sense of their own integrity." Studies in the United States, she adds, show graduates from women's schools hold more top jobs than those from co-ed programs.

Fulton is uneasy, then, that 10% of the Mount's students are men. Saying as much in a speech in Toronto several years ago inspired such newspaper headlines as Woman President Frowns on Men, and accompanying stories she claims were "very garbled and sensationalized."

But it's those kinds of speeches that have put the Mount on the map. And that's been one of Fulton's major accomplishments in five years as president. Last September, for instance, she and Ruth Goldbloom criss-crossed the country to launch a formidable campaign to collect one dollar from every Canadian woman for a scholarship and bursary fund. Though she's raised only \$60,000 of the \$1-million goal — "Doing anything without an 'old boys' network is always more difficult" — Fulton is happy with the project's progress. Federal MPs Monique Bégin, Judy Erola and Jeanne Sauvé are among the thousands of women who have contributed to the drive.

The Mount is grateful for its high-profile president, and recently rehired her to keep it up for another three years. "She's one president who has made waves, but they've all been moves in the right direction," Goldbloom says. "She has not been afraid to stand up to be counted and to rock the boat where others might not want to. We've been extremely lucky to have her."

No one's perfect, of course. Some faculty members think Fulton promotes the Mount's professional courses — business administration, secretarial arts, public relations (the only degree course of its kind in Canada) — at the expense of the arts program. Not so, says she. "That's ridiculous. My background is Victorian literature; I have a downright loyalty to the arts." Others say she comes on too strong, that her aggressive approach backfires. "Those people are not really committed to the cause," she says with a shrug.

Fulton's devotion to the cause, however, translates into 18-hour-days, speaking to groups as diverse as a nurses' association and a micrographic society; fighting nuclear arms; serving on commissions (the federal task force on micro-electronics and employment and the N.S. rents inquiry); and still finding time to jog. Friends fear she'll burn out. Fulton demurs once again. "I'll never be satisfied that life is right for me until I know that it's right for all my fellow creatures. Because as long as I know that two-thirds of the women in this world are illiterate, that children are starving in the streets, I'll have the energy and courage to keep on trying to improve the lot of the whole human race."



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# Come on, Canada, make us hate your guts again

*Since the premier's war on Ottawa went limp, we've had nothing more exciting to fight about than the price of beans*

In these parts there's always the dread that we're headed into winter without enough shot in our locker to get us safely out the other side.

A barrel of potatoes and a barrel of salt herring per person used to be the household guide. It's harder to say what the present bare-bones provincial provisioning is. A lot of the stores have already gone rotten.

That plump little squash, Roger Simmons, had no sooner been stocked away on a bottom shelf of the cabinet when he imploded from a fiscal fungus at the core. Brian Mulroney seemed like a sound enough winter-keeping pumpkin. But he soon developed a hollow chuckle whenever Grand Banks gas came up.

The royal hothouse exotics had a brief shelf life here and the Humphrey Gilbert sauerkraut, although doused with artificial sweeteners and preservatives, had a nasty effect on Papist bowels.

It'll be nearly a year before His Holiness arrives with some emergency spiritual sustenance and, meanwhile, Premier Peckford's "best before" date turned out to have been the date of the last provincial election.

The damping down of young Alfie's boilers was perhaps the most peculiar political event of the year. Until early summer he'd been, as usual, at the full stretch of his leash, gnashing and snarling at everything that brushed against the palings. Then, almost overnight, he seemed to expire with a shuddering sigh into a whipped daze.

A relation of mine who recently hooked onto the political fringe says no wonder. The laity cannot conceive, he says, how huge, hairy and barbaric Ottawa can be when it has a mind to. It apparently took a mind to early this summer... where Newfoundland was concerned.

No trick is too dirty (says my admittedly biased informant), no expense too colossal, no pressure too severe to bring about the subjugation of poor little us. Ottawa was in a desperate fury. Peckford's choke chain was savagely jerked.

In the *Globe and Mail*, Michael Harris quoted verbatim pieces of an inside report regarding the Kirby commission on the fisheries... to Young Alfie's further chagrin. So deep, mysterious and vindictive did the Trudeau-Kirby position seem that Richard Cashin of the fisher-

men's union crossed over the line to pat poor Peckford on the sagging shoulders.

Was there no murmur of pity in the whole of the great Dominion when the Ottawa Goliath kicked over the Newfoundland baby carriage in the middle of the road? Only as far as there was a general disenchantment with the Trudeau administration. An "Aislin" cartoon addressed to the prime minister and saying, "Quit now, slime bucket!" was gratefully received here although the wording was held to be downright wishy-washy.

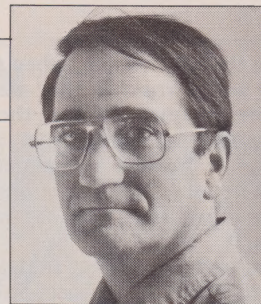
When Mr. Simmons bowed out almost as quickly as he had bobbed up, there were some who tried to pluck hope from disaster. David Rooney, MP, seemed to be one of his few possible successors and if Mr. Rooney was made (faint chance) minister of Finance we would have had the mainland to its knees in a fortnight.

Lacerated eastern hearts gave another small leap when Three-Tonsil Mulroney took over the Tories. But when his thoughts on Churchill Falls were finally squeezed out of him they were the spitting image of Quebec policy. As to the Grand Banks, he was prepared to be either Ottawa-reasonable or Quebec City-conciliatory, i.e., would we prefer it between the ribs or between the shoulder blades.

Small wonder, then, that Alfie took to his bed with cold cloths to his temples. For much of the summer he wandered dazed upon the shores of Notre Dame Bay possibly seeking succor and renewed strength among the common rustics; long after Dickens and Tolstoy, Peckford became enamored of the peasantry.

The medication didn't seem to help. He sloped back to the city devoid of fire or foam and even his chief lieutenant, Billy Marshall, spoke no more of plans for a pre-emptive strike against Ottawa which would have involved live wolf fish suppositories for the entire federal cabinet. Smallwood's surviving familiar, Steve Neary, gloated and spat.

Was it Peckford's Waterloo or merely his Elba? For sure, it wasn't the good old days. Where once he was set to make Lynn Verge Grand Duchess of Cape Breton and Jim Morgan, Prince Regent of St. Pierre, the best he could manage this fall was to deplore the fact — after a committee looking into food prices reported — that a tin of beans cost five cents more in Kumquat Quay than it did



in Bung Hole Tickle. Napoleon counting cockroaches on St. Helena.

This change has bewildered the populace. It shows in the radio open-line programs, for instance, where the regulars who were once prepared to kill a Canuck for Christ have backslid to bitching about roaming dogs and the high price of beans. Some Liberals have become so emboldened as to toss away their arm-bands and ignore curfew.

Poor prospects for the approaching winter, I must say. Because having someone against whom to vent bile is crucial to our traditional Newfoundland way of life. If there aren't convenient outsiders to rail against we tend to go for each others' throats, and in a confined space when the nights are long the carnage can be appalling.

If Peckford knew as much about shooting down South Korean airliners as he knows about shooting harmless little bunny rabbits we'd perhaps get a winter's release from internal tensions by that means. But he's incapable of bringing down a budget let alone a 747. If we were already stinking rich from gas and oil, we could perhaps import a few boatloads of unemployed Albertans and hunt them with bow and arrow during mild days in February... but we're not, so the problem remains.

Setting fire to the House of Assembly and shifting the blame to a busload of tourists from Rimouski might have done the trick but it was let slide and now the tourist season is long over. Painting Haligonians as "The Great Satan" has already been tried with discouraging results. For how do you slam a swinging door, especially a Presbyterian one?

It'll be dog eat dog this winter, I fear, due to young Alfie's failure to unleash Billy Marshall and escalate the Ottawa wars. Brother against brother, father against son — civil war over the price of beans. Newfoundland, a house divided, for want of maintaining "them" at the gates as a present threat to "us."

In the name of God, make us hate your guts again. Say nasty things; inflame us against a common outside enemy; say Trudeau doesn't go half far enough; tell the world we're a greedy, inbred scum of the earth.

Now, with the spirit of Christmas in the chill November air, do something kind, exert yourselves and start a new round of Newfie jokes. We'll thank you for it. It'll be only for a little while until we can get young Alfie's medication changed once again.



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